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LOVE'S SUBMISSION.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the sunshiny weather,
A lass sings gaily with flaunting curls
Why is and fly together!
There's Mary with her basket of pale shoon,
And Emma with her needle and silver gown,
And Kate with her perfect feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning carelessly over,
Let others sing if they will be I hear
Of each glad-hearted rover,
And Emma with her basket of silver gown,
And Kate with her perfect feather.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Standing slow on bank's tip-toe,
I catch them altogether!
Mary with her basket of pale shoon,
And Emma with her needle and silver gown,
And Kate with her perfect feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes,
Where Emma she goes and Mary she posts,
They scamper and drop their baskets,
And leap in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my mind.

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—Shelley.

[This story was commenced in No. 43, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER VII.

A CRY OF THE CONSCIENCE.

The honest interest of Hawksworth Sipes in what was going on in the room, was in direct proportion to the manifest displeasure of Professor Major in respect to the same business, for the latter gentleman not being able either to see or hear anything of especial value or pleasure, after a moment of wrathful curiosity, retired to enjoy the fragments of his cigar in peace. So when the latter was no longer needed, on the interest of the college and its reputation were in the good hands of Doctor St. Jean, and the Professor need trouble himself no further. He was heartily glad too, that it was the last day of the collegiate season, and he would very retire to his country seat and devote himself to his studies and himself.

The silent absorption of Hawksworth Sipes, in the scene which was being enacted in the room, and his nonchalance as to all outward affairs at that moment somewhat angered the students, and when the Professor walked away, not having thought it his duty to remain with the lamentable newspaper man from over-dropping, the students began to tease Sipes. They pulled his legs, pinched him, stuck him with pins and even tried to pull his chair from under his feet, in hopes of shaking him from his post of observation, but he clung on to the lintel of the door with rare acrobatic genius and took mental notes of the scene inside.

"Ain't you goin' to tell us what's goin' on there?" cried little Dissly, hammering at the reporter's legs with one of his shoes, which he had carried off in his flight.

"Shut up, you students!" shouted the adamantine Sipes was threatening and clamorous.

"What d'ye see? Sky?" asked Carpenter, pulling at a leg.

"It must be as good as a play, he seems to enjoy it so," cried Tomlinson.

"Hark! there's murder going on in there!" growled Baddeley, pulling at another leg.

"You'll have the Doctor out here in a minute with your infernal racket, exclaimed Kepler. "I'm off; there's nothing to see. I want my money back."

"One more pull and we'll have him down." cried Carpenter; "I all together now."

"Pull away there" echoed Dissly, lending a hand to a foot.

"He's weakening!" exclaimed Baddeley still tugging at the leg. "Put him under chloroform! Get the sponge and the napkin and a bucket for the blood!—"

Hawksworth, silent, heroic and defiant, was indeed compelled to feel that he was pulled now by a stronger force than mere gravitation, as he slipped from his watchtower and came heavily down with a crash and an uproar that even startled for a moment that sinecure of a Professor at the door. Hawksworth had trembled in time to save himself from the Doctor's wrath, who, seeing his incident face protruding through the transom, was on the point of ordering him down. As it was the Doctor determined to retire to the inner room as soon as the mentioned money had been gathered.

"Tick the money up!" he cried at first, excitedly, to the miserable man at his feet, and then added in a calmer tone, "Are you mad?"

"Not at all," said the latter, "I'm after the money!" The humbling fellow was agitated still more by the clatter and clamor at the door and in the entry.

The latter, though nicely outcaudal by the new direction of affairs coming in upon him as an additional shock with crushing force to the long series of shocks he had been experiencing since the night before, was calmer than ever in the presence of the culprit, and on the eve of his denial remarked, He repeated his command to the janitor in a still gentler tone, "Pick up the money. Come."

Whether, naturally obstinate, still kept his hand down and refused to move.

The doctor waited a moment and then pushing himself free from the maniacal clutch of the gutty wretch, he began coolly and leisurely to gather the bills. Such noise that stirred the floor like autumn leaves, he had noticed the last of them he said in the same quiet tone:

"Is that your money?"

The man shook his head and made a moan of no.

"It is to!"

"Then to the law by rights. It's blood money."

"Ah! What do you mean by blood money?"

"Ah! You didn't tell me that before."

"Doctor, I lied?"

"So, so. You lied, hey? Well, tell me the truth, now. Speak out, don't be afraid of me, I won't hurt you."

"I ain't afeer'd of you, doctor! I'll give myself up to the law. I'll let 'em hang me of they like."

"Oh, they won't hang you if you'll tell the truth," returned the Doctor with the air of addressing a child. The janitor had become a veritable child—weak, imbecile, whimpering. "Come you must speak out. Who gave you this money?"

"A man?"

"Why you told me three men brought the body."

"I tell you I was a liar. Only one man brought it?"

"Well, so be it. Now go on tell me everything. You say it was'nt true what you told me before about three men bringing the body. Tell me the truth now if you can. Only one man brought it, hey?"

"Yes, Doctor. The first time I met him was in a mission up Caspar street, kept by a Dutchman named Twyfel. Its number 60, I think. Well this here man asks me, when he sees me there about three evenings ago, to take a glass of beer with him, which I does, for I was dry, Doctor. And had'nt a cent. After a while he makes up to me and he says, says he, 'You're all right down there, aint you?' I didn't know how to respond to this interrogation, so I says to him 'How?' Says he, 'Why up there,' pinting his finger in the direction of the college. 'You're all right there, ain't you?' Says I, still groopin in the dark as to what he meant, 'All right there, here?' 'As janitor,' he says, with a wink. I says, 'Yes, oh yes. I'm all right there.' That's what I thought,' says he, and we drinks another glass. He was so polite and he looked so like a gentleman, and finally he says, late not down, we might as well take life easy'—whereupon we goes way off to the darkest part of the saloon where one of the gas burners is cutened and we has more beer and more. Then while I'm on'ybird drinkin' it and thinkin' what a gentleman he is with-out me pride about him—he pulls out a paper from his pocket and looks at it and puts it back again. Then he wants me my foot with hisn and winks and slips his hand under the table and touches me on the knee and whispers—'put your hand here.' I puts my hand down and he slips a big wad of bank notes in it. I could tell on by their greasy feel. I showing rejice my surprise and shiven all over with nervous exasperation and says to him—'whats this? Says he, an'ole blind and deaf and dumb behind idiot can't tell what that are is,' says he with a wink—it means his!—Its' capital!—Its' a streak of good luck! Lets' have more beer.—I says, 'no—I'd rather not—my head feels so funny.' Says he—then take some beer to clear it for you'll need a clear head afore your'e done.' 'How'—says I—'There you go with your how' again just if you didn't know nothin', w hereas you're no fool. Oh no—you're too cute to come down in the rain.' And I had to choke myself with another glass of beer. Then, says he, 'if you happen to be at the college at my about ten o'clock one of these nights and wants you to know's no where's to happen to open the skiz door on the alley—and all that —why its agreeable to me you know!—Don't try on any more of your 'hows' because I cant stand it! Oh you no fool! Then he looks all around to see if he'd been heard by nobody ain't there'cept me and him and Twyfel, what keeps the place, and he's half asleep. All this time I had the money sweatin' in my hand, and now I runs it in my pant's pocket, and he calls for more beer and we drinks again. Then he looks at me kind of fierce and then he bends across the table and says, quietly, to me, just as quiet as if he was talkin' about the weather:

"Now mind, don't blab if you 'don't want to be choked! The minute you blab you'll be swung high and dry, with your neck broke. Mind. If you don't want to take the job you needent, but once in you're in forever, and by God, you're in for life, too."

"I says 'all right,' for I feels the lump of money, and it sets me crazy. I didn't care what I did. I only gets nine dollar a week and has lots to do with it, too, and he forced that air blood money at me, he did. He forced it on me!

He was troubled again. He broke into his narration with an incoherent whine. Then he cried:

"They'll catch me for this. They'll choke me for blabbing!"

"No, no, they won't!" replied St. Jean. "They dare not! We'll watch them. Go on; tell me all. Would you know that man again?"

"Yes, I think I would. He'd a grey moustache—he'd red cheeks. He was a fat man."

"When was they?"

"I told you three nights ago. About half after seven."

"Well, now go on."

"Next night about eleven o'clock, that was night before last, I was gettin' ready to go to bed, when I heard a knock on the shutter there," pointing to the window of his room. "I tell you that are knock made me jump. It made me feel's if I had the spinal meangetis. It did. Such a crawlin' and creepin' of cold chills up and down my vertebrum I never 'perienced afore. I was scared into an ague. But I thinks of the money, and off I goes—and unbolts the back door and there he is—and there's a wagon, too, and I knowed what that means. Nobody didn't say nothin'. The thing was done in a minute. The body was brought in—and there she lay all wrapped in a sheet—"

"And then he gave you the cards?"

"No. I found the card on her body in the folds of the sheet!"

"Are you speaking my truth, man?"

"After God Almighty, Doctor.

He gave me no paper.

"He didn't give nothin'. All he did was to say, "Mind, now; no blabbing," and off he goes, and I bolts the door after him!"

"How much money did he give you? I have counted fifty dollar bills."

"He gave me seventy-five dollars in all. I spent some."

"Well, I suppose after you got the body in you hoisted it up to the dead-room."

"The man nodded.

"Then took it into the dissecting-room?"

"Yes. That same night. Next morning I goes out and gets drunk. I stays drunk all day till near evening. I comes back and sees your boy Joe and your vehicle at the door. I begins to get scared. I thinks you have found out everything. Then I goes upstairs and finds you, and then I lie to you. I lied to you, Doctor. I'll be punished now and hereafter."

"Well, and what made you lock the dissecting-room?"

"Oh, I'll tell you: don't be cross, Doctor! Ever since last night when I send that are ghost of a woman walkin' past me in the dark and gloom all dressed in black and turning her white face shining and white like was upon me, and giving me every a look. Oh God, God! Ever since then I feel my heart like a big hot lump in my throat and such a terrible feeling here;" beating his breast, "and I knowed I'd done wrong and God was punishing me! I knowed it."

"Oh never mind the ghost; you never saw any ghost at all——"

He burst forth with a cry. "I did, I did, so help me God! She looked like the woman in the room."

"Ah! indeed. You imagined so, perhaps. But go on. When did you lock that room and why?"

"I locked it 'cause I didn't want anybody to meddle with that 're cadaver till I had time to carry her off."

"What's that. Carry her off?"

"Yes. I took her away this morning."

"Are you lying again to me? In Heaven's name tell me where did you take her, speak?"

"To the morgue."

"You fool—wretch! miserable wretch."

The doctor forgot himself for the moment and lost his composure, but regained it as speedily, and spoke in his former tone to the culprit who still knelt before him, his head bowed, his whole frame trembling.

"Why did you take her away? Tell me!"

"So that I might do what was right in the sight of God and the law, doctor!"

"So. How did you take her away?"

"Hired a wagon at six o'clock this mornin'. Took the body to the morgue. Then went to see the Coroner. He wasn't up yet. Told I must see him. They says I can't 'cause his honor isn't up yet. Says I, I'll go up and wake him then. It's time he was up, says I, for God's sake all him, will you. Well, they went off on and got me a bottle of rum, and the pals dige up stairs quicker's lightcrity, and after nigh on to an hour his honor descends and I tells him the whole story. Then he gets mad and says he'll have to have me arrested for leakin' the law, and I gits mad too and tells him to go ahead and arrest for all I care, ——"

That'll do!" said the Doctor; "tell me plainly—is she lying at the morgue now?"

"No. The cor'ner had an inquest on her at noon and she was taken charge of by the 'thorities and she's berried!"

"Taken charge of by the authorities! Buried! Can't be possible! Who saw to it? Who was there?"

"I wanted you to be there but I couldn't find you!. The cor'ner said he'd take charge of the remains before purification set in."

The Doctor stood for a moment in an attitude of deep thought. His face was troubled. His lips writhed in a momentary spasm as if they had touched a wormwood draught, his nobody ain't there'cept me and him and Twyfel, what keeps the place, and he's half asleep. All this time I had the money sweatin' in my hand, and now I runs it in my pant's pocket, and he calls for more beer and we drinks again. Then he looks at me kind of fierce and then he bends across the table and says, quietly, to me, just as quiet as if he was talkin' about the weather:

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"I wanted you to be there but I couldn't find you!. The cor'ner said he'd take charge of the remains before purification set in."

The Doctor stood for a moment in an attitude of deep thought. His face was troubled. His lips writhed in a momentary spasm as if they had touched a wormwood draught, his eyes closed and a scarcely perceptible tremor convulsed him.

The silence was so startling, so sudden as to cause the unhappy janitor to raise his head and look up at his confessor. That upward look transfigured him and rendered him for the instant more human, more gentle in expression. A light broke upon his face as he gazed as if it had been touched by a sunbeam.

"Doctor," pleaded the man at his feet, "I will go—never to come back to this place again. Let me go."

The Doctor made no reply. He had not heeded the speech.

"Doctor! listen—help me—help me!"

St. Jean's lips moved, but no word came therefrom. His eyes were still closed. Was he praying for the soul of this abject creature here—was he praying for the soul of the sweet dead?

"Doctor—help me!"

Then the Doctor looked at him and said—"Get up—I have work for you to do."

"Oh, I'll do it for you! Oh! I'll work so hard for you!"

"You must leave this college forever."

"I want to! I want to! I'll die if I stay and I'll die if I go"—he added mournfully—for there is all after me—all of them! They know I've been blabbin'—when I came down the street I new a man 'folferin' me—They'll choke me as they said they would. They will. Let 'em. Let 'em! God forgive me."

"I shall keep this money," said the Doctor—"to aid me in a good cause. If you want money come to me. I'm your friend. I'll see that you are righted—Now I want you to work for me—"

"Yes—yes. Thanks, Doctor, thanks."

"You must find out all. Find out who the man was. Find out how she died." He spoke this with fierce emphasis.

"I will, even if they kill me."

"They won't kill you, man. Promise me you'll commence at once and not rest till you have found out all."

"I swear. I swear."

"That'll do. Now go. Have you any money?"

"Yes, Doctor, yes."

"Well, when you want any come to me. My address is Newton, about six miles from here."

Doctor St. Jean took from his pocket one of his cards and gave it to Windthrim, who took it gently, as it it were something precious, and looked grateful as if he had received a blessing.

"Now go. Don't worry about anything. Report to me every day. I must and will devote my life—my energy—my talents—to the discovery of all the past mysteries—with God's help."

There was a sudden yell from the Janitor just then, who cried:

"They're after me! No, they're after me!" He pointed to the window.

The Doctor, with an impatient imprecation, turned and saw a shadow on the half-closed shutter.

It was Hawksworth Sipes who had been listening all the while under the window.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOURTH SATELLITE OF SATURN.

A murmur of the sea, the low voice of music afar off, the touch of a spirit hand upon her forehead, wisdom from the heavens in a new sense, a new glory, a new atmosphere. He is upon a sea beach with a woman for his companion—a precious guide. She who is with him has the sweet face of a woman of his dreams—that shape of loveliness which has long haunted him; and her sweet face is turned full upon him, no longer shadowed by grief, but as joyous, as transcendently beautiful that Doctor is led by its light as by winding music, by the coaxing voice of the enchantress ocean, herself. They walk upon a golden strand, where the creamy lace of foam that are rythmical and crumbling, come to their feet and fade, even scintillate and disappear. On the other side of them is a redolent wilderness of flowers that take their wild color and fragrance from the gold and fierceness of the sunset's bend to meet it, and unfold their green arms to touch the snow of its wave, and love their rainbow petals in its salt spray and nourish themselves unto exhuberant blossom and flower, at its everlasting springs.

There is a strange light in this strange land, a light which is not sunlight nor moonlight, a light which is intense yet not dazzling—actinic, yet not penetrating—a light like that which ushers in the balmy morn in the tropic lands, here of the dawn, where the heavens are yet pale and grey and ere the sun becomes tyrant.

Living creatures are here, and here the eye of man does not behold them, as wide and as extensive as forests. The calm ocean before them is bright with glorious pleasure, the air is filled with colored millions, that land around them vivid with brilliant colors of the various garbs of men women and children, all intent upon pleasure, as on a summer holiday.

Eustace, speechless for a time with utter amazement at the wonders the scene now turns to his sweet guide, and watches every change of cherubim—voice of trumpet and viol and harp—sound forever—forever that we may everlastingly worship at the throne of Heaven, at the footstool of the good God.

When the Hymn is over, the spirits speaks to Eustace—turning her tearful eyes upon him—"We will see the mentioned."

Her up in a hanging garden, hooded mysteriously above the throne a green cloud—canopied with a golden and crimson pavilion, the silken hangings of which float in the wind from the sea, here is the throne of the majestic orchestra.

Climbing a dizzy flight of green stairs, formed of the trailing roots of trees from the garden above, interlaced with curious moss and ferns —the two spirits Eustace and the woman he loves—approach the musicians.

Sublime spectacle!

A sea of thoughtful faces upturned to the leader. A wilderness of violins extending as far as the eye can see. An army of trumpeters —the blaze of their golden instruments shining gorgeously against the scarlet back ground—an indistinct muse of those who bear aloft fantastic wind instruments—silver flutes, oboes, and the resonant tubes of basoons. A grand array of artists, intent, eager, passionate in the cause of their divine art—all awaiting the sweet moment when they shall move their souls in unison in one sublime rhythm.

A signal from the leader. He raises his golden wand. There is a simultaneous poising of a thousand bows like grain before the wind—like the spearmen in the eye of a charge. There is a flash from the golden line of trumpets. This mighty host is eager to obey its captain.

"Dost thou recognize the leader?" whispers the woman to Eustace.

Eustace looks towards a raised dais of ebony and pearl and sees thereon a tall figure—his face pale with thought—his eyes luminous with genius—his whole frame tremulous with enthusiasm.

"Dost thou recognize him?",

"No."

"Not recognize him?"

"I have seen his picture on earth. I ought to know him."

"Thou knowest him by his works. He is jestic works."

"Who is he?"

"Mendelssohn" she answers.

Another signal from the leader and there is a murmur among the violins—so acutely sweet that Eustace feels the hot tears burn in his eyes, and his whole being thrills with the beatitude of divine sound.

They are playing the Andante of Beethoven's fifth symphony.

The woman at his side clasps his hand. She lower her head upon his shoulder. She is listening and weeping.

The whole immense concourse is moved to tears by the beauty and majesty of the music. At this time there is no applause. Applause would be profanity. They sit silent—tearful—wrapped in reverie born of the soul of Beethoven the master.

A waltz follows, but it is no sensual, dreamlike whirl, or Offenbach rhythm. It is more like a minuet. Berlioz or San Saëns never imagined anything wilder. The master who leads never created anything sweeter.

Then, when it is finished, the spirit leads Eustace among the musicians, and he sees with rapt awe the faces of maestros whose souls left earth years ago. He recognizes here and there a face.

Passing through the orchestra, they descend on the other side by the same species of stairway, and continued their wandering.

Eustace had fain staid, but his guide urged him on.

"She speaks to him.

"I must leave thee."

"Do not say that, sweet spirit!"

"I must; but we shall meet here again."

"Oh! I cannot leave this Paradise. I cannot leave thee! Let me linger here!"

"That is forbidden."

"Why?"

"Ask me not. I have no key to the mercies of spirits. Ask me not?".

"Tell me; why must you leave me?"

"Listen—

"It is my privilege, ah, believe me, to pass through spheres in search of a soul! I love—a soul not thine, for thine is mine closely, otherwise—but another whom I love with a different love,—a soul who passed from the clay of earth not long ago. I must find that soul. I must get a revelation from that soul. I must leave here and soar higher, and higher, and seek in the new sphere, till I find the one I yearn to greet."

"Do you weary of me?" asked Eustace, sadly.

"My beloved! I would thou could'st accompany me, but that is forbidden. Beyond this sphere thou can'st not go. Art thou not not happy to be even thus the? Between Egea, called by men the fourth satellite of Saturn, and the planet Earth, is thy life and mine. I have found thee, oh beloved soul, and live with thee forever."

Where had Eustace heard these words? They sounded like the reminiscence of dulcet music.

"A trance within a trance. I shall fall asleep here—I shall open my eyes and look out toward light. Be of good cheer. On earth I will be with thee. Thou will recognize us this?"

"Oh, do not leave! do not leave me!" he cried again.

He pleads passionately—wildly despairingly—falling prone upon the yielding velvet of the long grass, the odorous grass that made the place enchanting through its redolence, and remembered the garden at Newton—the fragrance of the night blooming jessamine there.

"Stay, stay, spirit; tell me all. How shall I know thee hereafter? In the grass confines of earth, how shall I know thee?"

"I am called Elama—be that our sign-word?"

"Elama?" he cried—"hear me?"

They met in a darksome valley where tall and thick evergreens cast an eternal shadow, and where the ashen blue color of this strange sky is shut out from their sight by matted and interlacing tree trunks, and serpent-like vines and thorns like monstrous claws, and imprisons leaves like the dusky wings of bats. Here it is that in the silence, broken only by the voice of that divine orchestra, Eustace and his spirit love weep tears of parting, lauch each others hands and sob farewell.

At the supreme moment of separation he throws his arms about the fair white creature and kisses her pure lips. A fiery thrill sumes to consume him. It kills him—he anguish is an atom of time, and then she had vanished.

Eustace falls on his knees, clasps his hands and prays:

"Spirit, be with me. I am alone in this new sphere. Guide me, guide me. I am lost!"

A sweet voice in song answers him—an invisible singer chants to him to the gentle accompaniment of the orchestra.

"Between Egea, called by men the fourth satellite of Saturn, and the planet Earth, is my life and time. I have found thee, oh, beloved soul, and am with thee forever."

Then he hears voices of children.

A merry troop it seems are dancing and romping about him. Then they disappear and all were one, a bright eyed boy and a girl startlingly like his own guide. They stop and look at Eustace with a curious awe.

"He's asleep!" cries the boy.

"His eyes are open," said the little girl. "I'll ask aunt Annie. Aunt Annie, come and see the man!"

Eustace, in a new maze, looked at the children with a face that must have frightened them, for the little girl gave him a alarmed expression ran off. The boy stayed, but walked back some distance, as if he feared to approach.

Then Eustace saw the little girl holding on to the dress of a woman who passed across his vision.

"Look there, aunt Annie. See the man."

Then with a sudden thrill of pain Eustace leaped to his feet and saw the copse, the long stone wall of Burdette's garden, the road beyond, and the two children, Mamee and Charlie, and Miss Templeton, and he remembered. Remembered, yes with a memory that turned his brain and drove him for the moment wild, remembered the past, the dead woman, the dream, the letter, the Doctor riding away with the woman he loved, his unsoon, his trance! All this flashed through his brain like stinging flames of agony. "God!" he groaned, "I have been in a trance!"

He struggled to walk and the boy who had been looking on at him took to his heels and ran over to Miss Templeton.

Eustace was faint with fatigue and hunger. He caught on to the trunk of a tree and beckoned to the girl to approach him.

She began to cry. Miss Templeton herself looked frightened at the wild appearance of the young man. She made a move to retreat.

"Stop, Miss," cried Eustace. "Do me the favor of telling me where I am; for I confess I am lost, and yet I ought to know this road."

"This is the Darby road, sir, and this is Burdetton house," replied Miss Templeton, desisting in her purpose of retreating, and now attracted by the manner of the stranger—

"Which way do you want to go, sir?"

"Anywhere, Miss, where I can rest myself and get a glass of water and a mouthful of bread." I'm really shaky with weariness. I can't imagine why I feel asleep there."

"Charlie, take the gentleman in, to grandma' Go with the boy, sir, he'll show you!"

"Thank you. I'll accept your hospitality and when I feel better will thoroughly explain myself. Aren't you going in?"

"Not now. She simpered—Presently."

"Well, I'll go in with my little friend here, and I sincerely hope the good hostess will not set the dogs on me, or take me for a tramp or a burglar."

He followed the boy, who took care to keep at safe distance and ran continuously ahead of the young man, up the winding carriage path, and Eustace entered unconsciously the haven of his love.

CHAPTER IX.

BACK TO THE PLANET EARTH.

When the boy reached the house he cried out, "Granma Burdette, here's a man!" His piercing voice was heard to a considerable distance but failed to summon the hostess. Mrs Bendrie, however, who happened to be novel-reading and napping alternately on the parlor lounge—caught the cry and responded to it with alacrity, she came out on the porch, took in hand, dismissed in an elegant bolletin of silk—a fan hanging to her belt, her feet encased in velvet slippers with silver buckles—her cheeks touched with the artificial hectic flush of rouge, her hair arranged after a complex model, twisted and fastened into intricate braids, and crowned with a rose bud, and her eyes—brilliant and handsome eyes, flashing with all some new irritation of temper. Not perceiving Eustace at first, he being many yards behind the boy, she vociferated glaring at little Charlie who had run up out of breath.

"You bad, wicked little boy—to say there's a man here! There's no a man!"

The boy had no more right, she thought, to call out, "a man," than a huckster has to call out "oysters"—unless he has wares to dispose of. It was a shock to his curiosity.

"Oh, yes, replied the boy presently, "Can't you see him?"

"No, I can't," she snapped, looking into a little bush. "Now you either, you bad, wicked boy!"

"Ain't that a man, sir?" he pointed to where Eustace was approaching.

"What does he want here?"

"Why, he was asleep down there in the woods Aunt Annie and Mamie and me found him!"

"A beggar, I declare! Where's Mrs. Burdette? Why, my!" She looked early upon the intruder, and surveyed him from head to foot as if she expected to find him clothed with name, address, occupation, age, temperament, and condition of life, whether married or single.

"You naughty, wicked boy, to tell the man to come here?" she growled at the little fellow who looked as if he was a miserable sinner, indeed!

"I didn't tell him, now there! The man wanted to come!"

"Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!"

Eustace stepped on to the porch, took off his hat and made a bow, which Mrs. Tendril did not think proper to return just then.

"He acts like a gentleman. He's handsome, too, and young! This is romantic," she thought.

"I've most extreme no mistake," began Eustace, "the wanderer has in this way, but the fact is I'm really ill! Why I am in this condition shall be explained!"

He talks like a gentleman, but who like a gentleman I'm guessing beforehand. He may be a fascinating, insinuating, artistocrat like Raymon in George Sand's Indiana. How delightful!" she said to herself.

"Walk into the parlor, sir," she exclaimed to Eustace, with a twist of the mouth, intended for a smile. He followed her in, and sank into a large fauteuil and closed his eyes, and appeared on the verge of another swoon.

She perceived his pallor and unconsciousness, and rang the bell for a servant, who appearing, she commanded to bring immediately a glass of claret and a sandwich.

"Where is your Margaret, the gentleman's very ill!" she whispered to the servant.

"Oh! I feel infinitely better already!" exclaimed Eustace, opening his eyes and laughing. "This cool room, the promise of a draught and a bite—reminds me of Paris as a lark. I envy you. You have an elegant place here, madame, a lovely place!"

"Yes, indeed! I'm only a sojourner here, you know. But Mrs. Burdette is so kind!"

The servant entering with her wine, Mrs. Tendrie took the silver salver from her and herself offered it to Eustace, who with deferential bow of thanks, took a hearty draught of the claret and seemed better for it, for almost immediately color returned to his face and his eyes shone with a more natural expression.

"I must tell you all about this strange business that brought me here," he said. "I happened to take too long a walk in this neighborhood and were overcome with heat and fatigue. I fell asleep just outside of the wall, in that charming little piece of woodland there, dreamed 'rather queer dreams, and was awakened by your little boy and girl romping and making merry near me."

"Excuse me, sir; they're not my children, she seemed indignant at the very idea.

"Ah!" I beg pardon, "said Eustace, taking a piece of the sandwich which accompanied the wine. "There're beautiful children though Well as I was saying on their laughter and shouting awakened me, and I was, I must confess, somewhat bewildered to find myself lost, actually lost for the first time in my experience and two miles from home.

Ah! you live near here?"

"Oh! yes. At Newton."

"Indeed!"

"My name is Marvin, at your service. He took out his wallet and handed one of his cards to Mrs. Tendrie, who smilingly accepted it.

"You are acquainted here then?"

"Oh, no. I have never been here before. I do not think in all my rambles through this part of the country I ever chanced upon this house—at least I do not recollect. This is Mrs. Burdette's place, I think I understood you to say?"

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Tendrie took her usual seat upon the lounge and used her fan unceasingly.

"I have a faint recollection of hearing that name somewhere. Where, I know not. Mrs. Burdette has lived here some time, has she not?"

"I believe so. I have not known her many years.

"I beg your pardon for my free inquiries respecting things that do not concern me, but I am grateful to you for this hospitality and grateful to Mrs. Burdette for the shelter of this superb room. I feel at home here."

"Ah!" she laughed a merry laugh that was terribly insincere, and exclaimed: "Oh! dear, how pleasant it would be here if you would only make it your home! Think of it—not a gentleman in the neighborhood! And a host of sweet creatures languishing for them! Pray take up your quarters here, right away."

Eustace answered somewhat carelessly. "Ah! Excuse me! I'm not anxious; not at all!" He thought to himself, what is this female spider doing here, except making webs for fellows like me! She fancies I'm a fly already. This is a

...midably bald woman, and the dream only knew what she may not devise wheedle me into one pitfall. I wonder who she is! I must stir you! and get out of this——"

"Are you purely personal and not to stay with us, I think," queried Mrs. Tendyle with a smile. "For were so deep in thought, I imagined you were making up your mind one way or another."

"Oh, no!" responded Eustace, "you see my presence here is so phenomenal that I dare not stay a moment longer, lest it degenerate in a matter of chronic commonplace. Please to say my regrets to Mrs. Burdette. I must really thank you for your motherline!"

"Why, you are not going!" she interrupted with arched eyebrows.

"I am, indeed!" he replied, "and I really must sincerely confess I am sorry."

He proceeded towards the door but at that instant entered Miss Templeton with a folded sheet of paper in her hand from somebody ... Mrs. Augusta Tendrie. Madam glanced at ... writing and her natural blush made her ... look chalky. She whispered to the ... "It has happened supernaturally" and a ... spelled her features for a second.

Eustace at the same time read the note ... stood like a statute totally out of place ... and made no effort to conceal the fact. ... however, relieved her of this time. He, however, read on the point Tendrie had stricken ... out her billet done, made the utmost ... cigarette, bent low and moved once more to ... his departure.

But a third person now appeared. It was Mrs. Burdette herself. That amiable lady the impulsive angel of philanthropy would drive out of her last state of propriety in a good cause, and angel she was, whenever Mephistopheles ... if she thought it would better that ... outlaw to know her, and so she was quite rejoiced to meet Eustace, to find in him a friend and a valor, though she never ... him before and knew not whether he was ... or such enemy. Her cahoolmance of ... that she was not necessary to the harmony ... the scene, and so glided out upon the porch ... joined Miss Templeton, who had already ... behind thither.

Mrs. Burdette was so glad to meet Eustace, happy to find this he had been waited on so early by Mrs. Tendrie,—pressed him to take another glass of claret another sandwich ... egg. She had a box full for her gentlemen ... Eustace completely overwhelmed ... the sudden exhalescence of hospitality ... and every thing with thanks and wished ... self back at the doctors.

But Mrs. Burdette was so agreeable. She was certainly a very fascinating and genial lady ... only fault in her was that she knew not how ... the distinction between friend and foe ... crown cyophant, flatterer and parasite and ... used.

"We have been so worried, sir!" She began. "Ah!" from Eustace.

"You see a young lady who has just arrived ... Yakira with a fainting fit the moment she ... me, and now lies in a deep swoon up stairs ... conscious like death. I really don't know ... said to do. The Doctor was here and he is no ... work worried as I am. I just came from her ... mber.

The coincidence of a young lady and a faint... fit interested Eustace intensely. Miss Templeton ... of pigment him too.

"A stranger to you, madam?"

"Hardly a stranger, sir. Though I never saw ... till to-day. She was much spoken of and re... remarked by an old friend. She is an ... ahan and has just arrived from England."

"An interesting case evidently, madam," said Eustace, feeling he must answer the lady's ... civility, but little dreaming that the patient ... the woman he soul yearned for. "An interesting case."

"Very interesting, sir—very! She is such a beautiful young lady, sir—I wish I could have a opportunity to let you see her. I never saw ... I could a sweet creature."

"I should be only too happy to catch a ... of such a person, madam, even through ... telescope,—but I may have the blissful oppor... only another time. I must now my good ... sir."

"But do you really mean to go so soon, sir? ... you rested sufficiently?

"I have, thank you. I have not far to go. I ... happy to say. A very short saunter brings ... home."

"Do I see Newton, if that's neighborly."

"Newton! indeed! Why that's not two miles ... from here," she exclaimed.

"No! scarcely two miles," replied Eustace, ... but it depends how one walks. If one ... modern in a rig ing direction as I ... could be a good five mile stretch. I feel as if ... had walked ten miles."

"Then that is a strong reason for your re... to-night here till you are thoroughly rested, ... shan't go yet. I must trust you as a ... sir." She laughed and looked as good natured ... genial that Eustace felt it as act of charity ... himself to linger a moment.

"That is a pleasant lady I just met," he said ... Mrs. Burdette. "A neighbor too! he inquired.

"Oh, no. She is a very affable person indeed, very accomplished lady too, sir. A musician and a poetess beautiful. She took me present of that marine view, there over the one. Isn't it charming. I'm glad you see it. How fortunate that you should be thrown together by chance."

"She is staying with you, I suppose."

"A short time only. I met her last year at ... Spa. She's a widow. She's going to ... a week or so she said he met her till the ... She is a handsome woman, don't you ... sir."

"Very," answered Eustace. He had spoken nothing but the truth in that direct... for Mrs. Tendrie was really a very handsome woman despite her artifices.

"I'm glad you think so!" said Mrs. Burdette, with an air of having conferred a favor ... society.

"Your other guest, I suppose, for entertained," suggested Eustace.

"Oh! what a chance to say so, but I am afraid must really say she does. My young lady ... up stairs is simply beautiful. You must ... her."

"Sweet compulsion!" said Eustace. "I ... not only willing but anxious. Let me imagine ... sir."

Eustace grew thoughtful and closed his eyes, and a shiver seemed to agitate him as he said ... She has, or I am no prophet, Mrs. Burdette, the sweetest eyes ever beheld—yet eyes that are soldiers of the sad—a delicate curve of nose—a wealth of golden hair——"

"Too amaze me! You have seen her!"

"Have I imagined rightly?"

"Perfectly. Tell me, you have seen her!"

"Yes," said Eustace, with a faint laugh, while his face flushed redder, and his eyes now upward ... looked with somewhat of a wild stare at ... Mrs. Burdette.

"I probably have seen her in a dream!" he ... quite irresolute for an instant and thought ... himself, "Can this be the one—the only one ... my soul desires! My ideal! Can it be!"

"Now you joking, sir! I trust confess you ... and not tried to scare away my treasure."

"I will tell you when I do see her! I confidently her then, no doubt." He laughed ... only. He knew his glad in a swift moment ... thought as the hope inspired him that it ... be true.

"I shall go, Mrs. Burdette! I cannot be guilty ... enough to see you, but grant me the favor ... of presenting me to your fair guest, with ...—and see this wonderful beauty whom you ... have inspired me so cruelly in the upper ... route of your cousin."

"You shall come often and often, sir, and you shall and must see her. If not, you know no one."

"You will forgive me, I know, for thus ... leave-taking. Here is my card. I will ... by a standard road next time I ... you."

A shower of flowers from the upper ... interrupted Mrs. Burdette in her farewell ... ment of a farewell speech which might have ... rather entertaining for her guest. Looking ... the window, she exclaimed:

"Why, in heaven's name, what is that! ... should bring him here. Surely he hasn't been all this time at the station. I thought he ... said come in long ago. He has been gone nearly six hours."

Mrs. Burdette, going out upon the verandah, called to the coachman as the coupe came near.

"What kept you?"

"Couldn't find her nowheres."

"Find whom?"

"The lady you sent me after to the city."

"Nonsense! you haven't been so preposterous as to go all the way to the city?" You were told to go to the station."

"Well, I thought you meant the station in the city."

"You surely haven't driven the horses there and back?"

"Yes mum."

"Take them to the stable immediately; you shall hear further from me!" the London with calm anger. "The idea!" she added to Eustace as the grumbling coachman drove away. "I sent him to the station to bring this young friend of mine here about ten o'clock this morning. It is now nearly four o'clock, and he has just arrived, and without her. If it hadn't been for the goodness of Doctor St. Jean, I don't know what we should have done."

"Doctor St. Jean?" ejaculated Eustace, with a start and confused glances at the lady. "My old and good friend—my master, Dr St. Jean!"

"Your friend!" she exclaimed, equally startled and confused. "Have I been all this time talking to the friend of my dear Doctor? How strange! how delightful! He has just left."

"He has! My dear madam, explain all this to me or I shall lose my senses, I'm afraid. Dr. St Jean has just left. Please explain. I'm in the dark."

"He brought the young lady here in his rig. He has just driven away not a half hour ago."

"Brought the young lady here! When?"

"This morning."

Mrs. Burdette did not comprehend his darting manner, his pallor, his mysterious demeanor.

"This morning!" he echoed with a look of wonderment. Everything seemed to spin around before the dazed vision of Eustace for a moment. The interpretation rose upon his forehead—the atmosphere of the room seemed stifling; and he felt as if he must rush into the odorous garden and be alone as the truth dashed upon him, and he saw all—knew all. The Doctor had brought her here. Here was the woman of his dreams under this roof—in sight of this garden. The woman of his dreams—and loveing than the reality. Here was she near him—close to him, yet afar—as dreadfully afar as though a sudden infinite gulf of separation had opened between him and her.

She was here. Could he reach across that gulf and touch her hand? Could his voice reach her—or could music's voice reach her with a message of heart throbbing love? Ah! he was happy to have found her, happy to see the light of life for one moment before he had lost it, happy to have found her, though he could not hope ever to reach her. He was happy, profoundly happy.

Then the thought of his trance came to him, and he seemed to dream it over again.

All this had passed in a few seconds of Mrs. Burdette stood looking at the young man as if she had heard she had given hospitality to a mad man.

Then she went on glibly, "Dr St Jean met this sweet creature at his office. I'm sure you're in love with her already, just from hearing me such about her, and he was so kind as to bring her over here in his rig. Poor girl! she was so exercised when she arrived. She looked so pale at first, but after a little while the color returned, and she was as beautiful as a picture. Oh! Mr. Marvin, she's so noble-looking! I am quite in love with her myself, and I'm sure you'll be. Yonman! lady! it——"

A knock at the door interrupted her. A servant put her head in and says:

Miss Southcate's awakened, ma'am, she wants to see you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TIRED OF LIFE'S BURDEN.

A Despairing Mother Finds Rest With Her Two Children in Death.

The Cleveland Leader of May 19th, says, a very sad affair occurred last evening at the Globe Dye Duck near Willow street. It was the drowning of Mrs. John Donovan and her two lovely children one a girl two years old and the other a boy six months. Usually trouble at intervals for some time in the past seems to have led to the desperate deed, while a short dispute and a blow or two from her husband a few minutes before that unfortunate woman to have been the immediate cause. Grieved and angered by this treatment she quietly sat on her feet, seized a child under either arm and left the house, saying to Mrs. McCann of No. 48 Scranton street that family from

THE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

Once was a Doctor of Philosophy
Came out a jolly group of students thump.
Of Philosophy. My friends, I grieve that you
Be baneful Nicotine the way you die

For the Cost Nicotiana Tabacum
Is to pale flesh to Strychnine
Shrinkin' cells in which the weed to life
Instrumentalic oil and alkali.

An active principle C. H. N.—
Equal to a dozen of beasts and men.
Why, just a drop on the tongue of a dog
Would of either kill him out of hand or a long

Is detailiaus the Oxygen
Of the atmosphere annihilates, then
Remembrances the blood corpuscles
And decomposes the vital fluid.

And it brings disease and evils o'er us:
Amaurosis—Angina Pectoris;
And carcinomatous Hemorrhoids
Bronchitis and Social Aches.

Now at the Doctor of Philosophy
They poked their cigar cases all three,
But the Professor of Philosophy
Took a Turkish Asque mechanically.

Saying as he struck a match, "It brings
Calculosity in, and lots of things;
Amaurosis and Ophthalmia,
And Encephalitis and Cachalgia."

Then he kept talking as he took their return.
"There's no limit to the vile weed's harmac
Also by Manias and Insomnia,
Phrenitis and Intellectual Melancholia."

And then the doctor of Philosophy,
Projecting his big words quite recklessly,
Went to a smaller room, to company
With the jolly group of medicine three.

The Cross Roads

BY MARY RUSSELL.

It was only a country road with long, unsheltered stretches and occasional banks of shadow and shade cast by the wayside trees. There—a mere of a mile from its termination at Widdletown, it was intersected by a similar road, and on one of the four corners formed by this intersection stood a great tree with two signboards nailed to its rough body. Here the traveller could learn what points might be reached east, west, north or south. This spot was called the Cross Roads—and had nothing peculiar in itself from other cross-roads. But here, for many years, children coming and going home from the village school, always stopped a moment to rest under the old oak before separating for their diverging ways.

Two of children, a little girl and a boy some three years her senior, were fair examples of physical perfections in youthful grace and activity; points which became more strikingly in contrast with the third child's stooping frame and halting movements.

Poor Willie, as the good people called this weakling, was the nephew of the wealthy old fireman, whose dreary looking abode stood just in full view of the cross-roads.

Report said that the close-fisted old man had cheated his only and widowed sister out of her property, thus throwing her homeless upon the world, to earn a livelihood with her own, unskilled hands, and left her and her orphan child undemained the delicately reared woman's constitution. She died, and little Willie was left alone. After her death, some feeling of remorse or pride caused him to take the child into his house and under his protection.

Here again reports said that proper care and medical aid at that time would have completely erased all his tendency to spinal weakness, and made the lad as strong and likely as the best. However that may be, as the years went by, his weakness and deformity increased, and being proud and sensitive, the poor boy shrank away more and more from his companions—young children, that thoughtlessly made sport of his misfortune. In all the world he knew only two friends and companions, little Bessie Brown, who was at once the noisiest and the gentlest, the most mischievous and the sweetest of girls, and honest Jack Marsden, whose heart was as tender as his fists were strong. Those two children, out of the fullness of their big, loving, hearts took pity on Willie and became his companions and champions. In the long walks to and from school, their light, bounding steps were regulated to his slow, uneven ones; they carried his books and satchel, and after Jack lost his strong, young arms for the frail boy to lean upon when he became exhausted in the heat or cold.

"You are so strong," Willie said, with a pouting sigh, one time when Jack had almost carried him through the deep snow-drifts. There was bitterness and envy depicted on the little, pocked face as he added, "You can conquer everything and be a hero, while I shall grow up a despised cripple, a helpless clod!"

"Not so bad as that, old feller," Jack returned cheerily. "Somethin' will turn up—you may set sure."

Willie pushed the supporting arm away and frowned down Jack's attempts at cheer, as though such groundless hopes enraged him.

"Anyway," put in Bessie, gently, "you'll never be despised by us, Willie; they'll love you ever so much more than if you were a great, stout feller, like Jack."

Willie sniffed gloomily at her words, but his eyes rested upon her with more affection, in their gleam, than lads of twelve are wont to feel, and it was her hand that he took when they again started on their way.

But one day, not long after, the hope, which only these Jack dared to breathe, arose above the cripple's dark horizon.

A skilled physician whom his uncle had consulted in regard to some chronic ailment of his son, saw the lad, and became interested in his case.

"What are you thinking of, man?" asked the doctor sharply, "to let this poor boy drag a deformed body through life? Why, he might be cured a few years ago would have made his cure certain; even now he can be helped—perhaps cured."

"Cured!" screamed "cried old Grannel. "Thou suppose I am going to waste my money that you doctors may experiment on the lad? Not by a long shot. I understand the tricks of your trade."

"Sir," thundered the old physician in a voice that awoke uncle Grennel to the fact that this was not the meek, village practitioner whom he had been wont to bluster at, and which caused him to beg pardon with obsequious haste.

Nothing further was said upon the subject at that time, but eventually the keen, old man sought the child. It was polite to act upon the doctor's advice.

Thus it was arranged that the boy should be sent for a year to a noted infirmary for cripples.

It was a happy day for Willie when he became assured of this fact. The small pale face was radiant with hope when first he walked beside the old oak at the cross-roads for his little friends.

"I know somethin' would turn up!" cried Jack tossing his hat into the air with a boyish shout, and you'll be coming back a crack tall feller, as straight as a sapling. Ain't it jolly, though?"

Bessie stood by, Willie smoothing the black head of his away from his forehead in her motherly fashion. She had changed her hands and thinly dressed with joy on first hearing of her little friend's good fortune; but just now she also strongly stood. Anon she asked anxiously:

"You'll not forget us, Willie?"

Ah, the little woman, stirring in the child-heart!

"Will never forget you!" he returned with an earnestness the last word that ignored your thoughtfulness.

"Then you'll, Willie, boy," in his boyish jollity, watching the little girl's troubled face, "I am going away, too—going for—

"I like him best," she re-

turned, with a bit of a pout. "He hasn't anything to make him happy, an' no one, in the big world, to love him; an' you're a stout feller with your mamma an' everybody to love you."

A gleam of triumph shone in Willie's black eyes. He spoke with proud assurance:

"You shall always love me best!"

Twelve years passed, and with them the childhood of those three little friends. When they all again met they were in the full springtime of instinct. Bessie's lovely womanhood was the complete fulfillment of her sweet girlhood's promises. Jack Marsden was a tall, handsome fellow; brave and strong enough to wrest success from the hand of fortune in the battle of life; and William Knight was a slender young man, with only a slight stoop, which by no means amounted to a deformity. His uncle had died during Willie's first year at the hospital, and could to carry his heart's treasure with him on that dreadful and unknown journey, his nephew, as next of kin, became its lucky inheritor.

Henceforward, fortune smiled upon the boy. Gold is a wonderful lotion for all the ills of life. His cure was facilitated. When he was able to leave the hospital, he was sent to special college across the seas where he steadily gained strength. Here, too, his education was completed under superior advantages. When he returned to his native village, after years spent abroad, none of the good people recognized in the handsome, well-shaped young gentleman, the "poor Willie," who had once haunted their streets with his bent form and sad face.

On his arrival the three friends met by appointment at the cross-roads. It was Bessie's fancy that they should meet again, where they had parted long ago, on the spot sacred to so many childish memories.

"Fortunate fellow!" cried Jack, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "You will never again need to lean upon any arm for help and protection, as in our boyhood days."

"No!" returned the other youth, with a proud gleam in his dark eyes. "None dare offer help and pity now!"

Bessie started in pained surprise. His tones even more than his words, struck her with heartless ingratitude. Searchingly her bright eyes scanned his face, haughty in its pride. Had the mistry of sorrow been in vain? Had no white blossoms of charity and tenderness sprung from his dark days of pain and hopeless ness?

But Jack scarcely noticed Wm. Knight's reply. He was engrossed with something of far more importance to him.

"She will always love him best," he groaned inwardly, as he noted the courtly ease, the proud bearing, the handsome face with just enough of pallor and melancholy to make it fascinating to romantic maidens.

Aloud, he said with a brave attempt at cheerfulness: "You, old friend; all the good gifts are yours so-far. Bessie and I no longer give her old excuse for liking you best."

The young girl flushed a little at these words; then her eyes grew moist as she noticed the white band of crape upon his hat, and remembered that he was mourning a beloved mother.

William did not deign to answer to this last remark, but turned to Bessie:

"You do know," he said, haughtily, "there is nothing in this wide world I love to call me back from the glorious lands of the old world. I hate the hum-drum people that used to stay at me with cruel pity. I hate the homes and customs which I have often quoted to hopelessness. I hate the very sod over which I used to crawl. And, seeing these things again, the old sense of injustice and misery and despair rises up and fills me with indignation.

"Great Willie!" interrupted Bessie gaily, "Every real heart-pang of pain and grief but links us in sympathy with the universal brotherhood of sorrow, and opens our hearts to the Divine Comforter, who Himself bore the sorrows of the world."

William only made an impatient gesture at her interruption, and continued in the same haughty tone:—

"Yes; I hate everything, everybody here, but one—"

His voice suddenly grew soft with rare tenderness.

"There was one whose dainty hands smoothed the pain from my forehead in childhood—who loved me when I was helpless and unlovely. 'Tis her sweet face that has called me back from over the sea."

Jack arose precipitately. How bold was this wooer! Ah, he was the conquering hero, not sturdy Jack, who could only bow before his heart's queen.

"Bessie, little friend, good-bye!" the disconsolate fellow gasped, and he added stolidly, "Good-bye forever!"

The girl's sweet face flushed and paled with confusion and pain. It was cruel to make her choose thus openly between two dear friends.

She hesitated a moment. Three roads lay before her. Straight on smiled her girlhood's home; to the left poor Jack waited for her fate-will; while the right Willie stood, haughty, with proud assurance, commanded her thither. He was growing impatient even now at her delay.

"Bessie, come!"

She smiled a tearful farewell in answer to his command, and turning to Jack laid her hand in his.

"I guess Jack! we will part no more at the cross-roads!"

A Narrow Escape.

The Dayton Journal says: One of the most remarkable among the record of incidents of narrow escapes occurred near Mansfield, on the Atlantic & Great Western road, Thursday night. A gentleman and his wife, named Wakeman, passengers on the night express, were on their way to Lawrence, Kansas. They were accompanied by their only child, a girl of 16. Everything at Mansfield indicating could be found of the boy, who had been seen by his father to pass toward the end of the car a few minutes previous. There was a dumb and vague notion that Beryl Dean's home had been which his father had noticed. The young man had on one or two occasions previous been known to get up and walk about in his sleep, and it was conjectured that during one of this somnambulistic condition walked or fallen from the train; he had been running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the night was dark, there are many deep hollows along the road, and the fall was nearly inevitable under the circumstances. The mother of the boy was overcome with fear; his father, in company with several men, started out in search of his strange wanderer. They passed along the track for a number of miles till certain they were beyond the spot where he must have left the car. Nothing was to be seen of him, and the party were returning placed flag-light when they discovered the object of their search lying within a few feet of the track. He was asleep, his clothes covered with dirt and slightly torn, and his face scratched in several places, but upon being awakened he arose hastily and walked toward the train, a distance of six miles.

The conjecture that he walked off the train when asleep is the most correct. The boy states that he has no recollection of leaving the car, but was aroused by hearing the cries of a negro from a neighboring dairy house. He found himself lying alongside of a fence, and with much difficulty climbed over the railroad, falling to the track, where, it still being dark, and fearing that somethin' in the bushes, he laid down and slept. He was found by the party reachable, as there is a clothes brush.

A friend of Sally Ann Bell—Sally's twenty-first birthday. "I am going away, too—going for—

"I like him best," she re-

Loved and Lost.

BY MARY B. CORNWALL.

A November storm of wind and rain was raging furiously, twisting the bare, gaunt branches of the trees in Thornton Park, and hurling those which stood near against the sides of the great stone house, as if wreaking a mad spite upon it and all within. The rain that fell in sheets, and that came driving on the plate-glass windows panes in great, angry gusts, was plainly audible within the brilliantly-lighted room where Roland Westerton was sitting, for all the double barriers of inside, light-colored curtains, and heavy, sweeping curtains of rich dark, crimson damask, that depended from valiant and gilt cornices to the Aubusson carpet on the floor, of warm, glowing crimsons, that merged into pink and creamy-yellow hues.

It was a noble apartment—long, well-proportioned, with a dozen windows alternating with mirrors set in the walls, with rare and magnificent pictures hanging here and there, and so completely worn off that everything suggested a delightfully-used and cosily-comfortable condition.

Before the fire, in a low, deep chair, with his hand propped on the back of his head, and his feet stretched out to the genial warmth, Roland Westerton was sitting, hearing the sobbing shriek of the storm that was powerless to hurt him in physically, but every drop of which seemed falling like paralyzing ice-drops on his heart —every drop of which was a personal voice that reminded him of a night similar to this twenty years ago, when hope, and faith, and joy, and love had fled from his heart at Beryl Dean's bidding.

A vision of a face came before him pure as a blossom, fair as a lily-petal, sweet as a rose, modest and unassuming as a violet.

He remembered it so distinctly, even after twenty years, when he was a grey-haired man of fifty—grey-haired man as much from the troubles and pangs of memory of all those years as from the touch of time.

He remembered with a pain that thrilled his heart over all the distance of gloomy, lonely years—years he had been so sturdily loyal to the one love of his life; years during which no second love could enter his heart to tempt him sharing his wealth or heart with them; years when he had learned that in this world there was never more the happiness for him that fell to other men.

If she had only died, Mr. Westerton knew he would have had a submissive satisfaction, compared to which the suffering he had undergone would have been almost happy content. But to know that Beryl lived, and lived him so cruelly false; to know that she had not died, but was more than dead to him—it had been an awful trouble to him, and the traces of it were on his face, and in his heart to-night, as he immersed in the past, as a dreary rain and wind tempest always had power to immerse him, just as the odor of a flower, or the chords in a song, will recall painful memories.

He had been sitting there a night as this when his brother Herbert had come to him, amid the gayety and brilliancy, and music and dancing at Mrs. Grantham's reception, and linked his arm through Roland's, and led him off to the deserted silence of the library, and then confronted him, pale with pity.

"Roland, you may or may not forgive me for bringing you here to almost break your heart, but it is my duty. Roland, have I not time and again warned you that Miss Dean was only consenting to marry you because you are rich?"

Roland looked at him in unfeigned impatience.

"And what if you have? I am sure Beryl loves me, and that is sufficient."

"And that is sufficient if it were true, and I have brought you here to tell you that the time has come when I can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Miss Dean has another lover. I saw her in his arms not five minutes ago!"

Roland was on his feet in a second, a smouldering fury and jealousy on his white face.

"You did? Who is he? Where were they? Oh, beware, Herbert, if you are lying to me!"

Herbert's lip curled.

"I can see no advantage to be derived from such a course. If you wish I will take you to the conservatory, and you can see for yourself."

They went silently, like ice creeping on his victim, and in the tender gloom of the quiet, warmly-fragrant place, Roland Westerton had seen Beryl Dean more beautiful in her dazzling, white, reticent reserve had enchanted him, his own betrothed wife—with her arms about the neck of her companion, and her lovely face pressed down upon his.

He was a tall, handsome fellow. Roland saw that at the first bewildered glance, and he would have sprung at him and throttled him before her eyes, had not Herbert gently restrained him.

"Don't be rash! Listen, and hear what she says to him."

And he had listened, stooping behind the luxuriant shelter of fern, to hear low, but unmistakable words, to Beryl's low, loving voice.

"It almost kills me to think it will be so long before I see you again, dear! Must you go?"

The young man was caressing a tiny curl that lay on Beryl's fair forehead.

"I dare not stay where you are, Beryl. It is the cheerest madness. What if your husband should suspect——"

She silenced him by a soft hand laid on his lips.

"Hush, dearest! He will never know, you may be sure. I love you too well to betray you. You believe that, don't you, dear?"

Then he stooped and kissed her.

"My darling! I believe everything you say. Let us walk farther on; I imagined I heard some one coming. One little quarter of an hour, and then I must go as I came. If I only might be with you all night. Oh, Beryl——"

And as his entreating voice died away in the distance, Roland straightened his tall figure in a rigidity of furious wrath.

"She is false! Herbert, I thank you."

And Roland Westerton left Beryl Dean's home had never passed his lips. When a note came from her that expressed her wonder at his prolonged absence from her, he returned it without opening it. When an indignant remonstrance followed, it suffered a like fate, and so it ended.

Months after Beryl Dean left the city, and now twenty years after no word or news had come from her directly, while Roland lived his lonely, careless life as he might, and as he must, not even the memory of a beautiful past to think upon, with only the taste of such bitter Dead Sea fruit upon his lips as was there this stormy November night.

Breaking in upon the reverie of pain that was unusually acute to-night, there came a sharp, imperious summons at the front entrance of the mansion, a loud series of jerks on the silver pong, that thrilled on above the noise of the storm, that penetrated with unpleasantly startling distinctness to the room where Mr. Westerton sat.

He listened to the prompt response of the servant, wondering with an energy of interest that surprised himself who or what could want him or his at such a time of night, in such a fearful tempest.

He did not know how this path fate had been making for his feet all these weary years was at last ready for him to tread, or that the imperative peal of his door-bell was the signal that the "gates, unseen woman" on the threshold was hurrying on her work to the inevitable end, whose beginning dated years and years ago.

He did not know how plainly the finger of Destiny was pointing to the appointed way, when a servant handed him a closely-folded, hastily-penciled note, written evidently in an extremity of pain and determination.

He saw that much at a glance at the treasured characters of his own name, and yet hesitating, in its sharp up-and-down strokes, a dogged stubbornness to say what was to be said, if the penalty of the exertion was severely paid when the same was avenged nigh unbearable; and the name subscribed was Herbert Westerton, with a long, straggling mark at the bottom of the fast letter, that looked as if the pencil and hand had fallen and dragged across the paper in sheer prostration when the effort was completed.

Mr. Westerton's brown contracted, then his mouth compressed still more than its usual stern compression, as he saw the signature for the first time in years and years—for the first time since his brother had gone from home so long, long ago.

And now the message from him was one of:

"Roland, I am dying. Come to me as at once, as you will value your own peace of mind in your last extremity. For Heaven's sake come and let me confess and be forgiven."

Was it a wonder that this angry parting of nearly a score of years agone was forgotten in that solemn adjuration? Was it say wonder that within two minutes the Westerton carriage was dashing along, with Roland Westerton and the unconscious public, in the dense dark hem of the tempestuous night?

The summons had been sent some too soon. Herbert Westerton was dying, and Roland knew it the instant he saw the glittering, supernatural eye in which the death-lustre shone so awful in contrast with the cadaverous, ghastly face, the tense blue mouth, from which the usually strong voice came shrilly.

"I am glad you have come, Roland, old boy You see there is no time to lose. Don't tell me not to talk. I can only hasten the end by a little, and when I've told you the secret I dare not carry into eternity with the rest of my sins, I dare, I must, I will come."

Roland had taken the icy cold hand that lay waxen and pallid on the counterpane. He had opened his lips to say something, but Herbert had anticipated him.

Now he spoke quietly:

"I do not fancy there can be anything so direful on your conscience against me as need make you feel as you evidently do. Suppose I grant any forgiveness you ask, and we let the matter rest? I——"

"No, no! You shall know it was I who ruined your life, blighted your happiness, and separated you and Beryl. It was I, Roland. Before my Judge I swear it was no fault of Beryl's. I took you into the conservatory that night purposely that you might hear a conversation between Beryl and her brother—a fagot that I had overheard, and which I contrived to see his pet sister. It was I who inflamed your jealousy purposely to separate you, because I loved her too, Roland, and that is the only shadow of excuse I can find. I loved her with a passion that was madness, Roland. Roland, I don't deserve it; but I am dying. Will you forgive me? Will you—will you?"

Roland sat there motionless and pale as a statue, his eyes blazing in a perfect storm of fury and scorn. He looked straight in the humble face of the man who had so wofully wronged him—the man who was already now a possession of the Angel of Death than of Life.

His serious fact appealed to him. He raised his hand in solemn dignity.

"Herbert, I forgive you. It is hard—hard to do when I think of all you have done. I think of her, it is harder still. My Heaven! it was an awful thing to do, Herbert. But—I forgive you!"

He laid his hand on the cold one, so weak, so helpless, but the fingers closed spasmodically over it.

"Heaven reward you for it! But there's worse yet—worse yet—a letter! It came from Beryl Dean after she was married—and it would—not—send it to you—as she prayed. Roland, Roland—trunk—forgive——"

And Herbert Westerton was forever past uttering or forgiveness.

Roland stood like a man in a dream—dazed, stunned into momentary bewilderment. The dead face of his brother before him, the terrible revelation he had heard, and, more startling than all, the name of Beryl Dean had sent a message to him through his brother, and that brother had——

Roland had to crush down the thoughts and feelings that were surging in madden him.

The trunk stood open, and the letter was undoubtedly in it—the letter that would seem like a message from another world almost, so long had he and Beryl been parted; and his heart overflowed with longing to be back as he plunged among the papers to find an envelope directed to his brother in the old well-known hand, that so many years ago thrilled his very soul.

It was the briefest message, in Beryl's own hand, bidding Herbert tell him—Roland—to come to her once more before she died of the sudden illness that might any hour terminate her life in some for the memory's sake of olden days. If she died, it would do no harm, if she recovered, they could go their ways again. But to come once—only once.

Roland Westerton was almost beside himself as he read it. Beryl, his own, own Beryl even yet, and maybe dying, begging him to come, and he—yonder man called to his account had suppressed the summons, and now—heaven knows!—it might be too late.

He strode distractedly on his whirling brain with one reading, he gave a direction or so to the servant of the hotel, regarding his brother's remains, and then rushed to his carriage, and was driven hastily to the station, where he merely caught the last train that night that landed him in the bright sunshine of the next morning in the city where the love of early days awaited him.

There were wild prayers on his lips and vague hopes in his heart, and sharp, sudden glimpses of joy, as he was driven to the address of the letter, and then, when he gave a ring of the bell at the door, and asked if it was a common dwelling, he decided some terrible thing.

An elderly woman answered the door, to whom he put his questions so abruptly that she looked at him in distrustfulness.

"I wish to see Miss Dean at once, if you please," he said.

She turned to a sweet-faced young girl who passed through the hall at that moment.

The gentleman wishes to see Miss Beryl. Miss Grace, shall I show him in?"

"Certainly, Judith."

And then Roland Westerton followed the form of the quiet-voiced, placid-faced woman until he stood in the presence of Beryl Dean's white, wan, aged face looked up, stamped with the mystery of death, with the peace that passeth human understanding.

He knelt beside her, and the flood of thoughts surging over him, memories playing havoc with his brained, hurt heart-bursts of hot fierce anger rising against the other dead.

Then the woman's sympathetic voice spoke.

"It was quite sudden at last—as much trouble as sickness that killed her, I think. And at the last—two or three days before the last—she seemed better and brighter, and the doctor said possibly, if she ceased worrying, and the hopes she entertained were verified, she might recover. She sent a letter off, sir, and the last words she spoke were: 'Why didn't he come?' Oh, sir ——"

She had looked up and caught a glance at his face, and the sight paralyzed her, so set and expressionless and marble it was—but the eyes, the pitiful, agonized eyes, whose woe never after left them, after that long, long look on the face of the woman who had been true as steel through all.

And he took up the old life again, only it was more lonely, more forlorn, and yet brightened by a hope that, when there came the marriage, neither giving in marriage, Beryl was waiting for him.

Schamyl and the Circassians.

Sukum-Kaleh is a fortified seaport in Circassia, on the northeastern co ast of the Black Sea, and about one hundred miles from Batum. It was once a place of some importance, and is supposed to be the historic Dioscopolis. It was captured by the Russians in 1791, and its fortifications destroyed from that time. The region about it is sparsely settled, the whole province probably not containing over 100,000 souls. Roads are almost unknown, and the inhabitant constant had taken place there on Monday, the Russians being driven out. The thousand native guards, who had been left in charge, set on fire by them and the fortifications seized. "All the surrounding country," said a despatch, "is raging in insurrection." Later advices from reports of Russian replies have been received. Eight thousand troops, 1,500 Circassians, 3,000 Turks and 2,000 Abkhasians. Reinforcements have been despatched to that country from Constantinople to aid an insurrection in the mountainous districts of Caucasus. At one time it is reported that the second son of of Schamyl, who lives at St. Petersburg as an officer of the Russian army, has been sent to the Circassian country to take part in suppressing the insurrection which has broken out there. It is also currently stated that Schamyl's eldest son has been sent out by the Turks to command the insurgents. It will be interesting as a matter of interest to learn of the remarkable career of Schamyl and of the tribes whose chieftain he was for so many years.

The people of the Caucasus have long been known as a warlike, adventurous, and semi-barbarous race. They are tall, well-formed, long, and varies in width from 60 to 120 miles. No other country on the globe contains so many different kinds of people. "Not less than 70 dialects were" spoken. At present there are more than 100—Persian, Turkish, and Tartar words—in use among them. Christians are found. The prevailing religion is the Mohammedan, but Christians are numerous among them. For a century and a half they were split up into a number of clans or petty tribes, who frequently warred with each other, incensed them into organization, and in 1785 the encroachments of the Russians had become so great that they united in a religious war, and it has been silenced since. The Russians have, on the other hand, been greatly incensed at the barbarous treatment of their troops by the Caucasians. In 1791 the Circassian leader was made a prisoner and put to death. War followed soon after, and lasted for forty years. One of their chieftains, 30 or 40 years ago, after years of hard fighting against the Russians, fell in Hilari, with all his friends except one dead around him. This young survivor was taken to Russia, and it is said to have been a silent and earnest man, learned beyond his people, and believing himself inspired. This man was Schamyl, who is called him "The Prophet Warrior of the Caucasus."

His survival of the great conflict at Himri had so much of mystery in it for his people that he was regarded by them with reverence, and not long after he became the leader of the survivor of a battle, and eventually established himself in full and complete authority over the people. He built a fortress at Dargo, a place built upon almost inaccessible rocks in the mountains, and fortified it with the most earthen parapets, and covered ways. So great did his power become against the Russians that in 1839 the Czar Nicholas invaded his land, and Russians suffered enormous losses and Schamyl's force was annihilated, but Schamyl himself escaped. Circassia was a Paradise to him. Every tribe in the Caucasus was enraged, and in arms against the Czar, and helped to strengthen the hands of Schamyl. He added to the guerrilla system of warfare, and in that the mountaineers of Caucasus gave the Russians. The Russians could not cope with him. He continually encouraged them to cross the boundary line, and then fell upon them from the mountains among the ravines the Circassians would shoot them from the over hanging rocks, and on one occasion the Russians made a formidable attack, but were repulsed with a loss of 2,000 men. The Czar was greatly mortified, and sent another army and a new general. It was nearly annihilated, and the General Prince came very near being made a prisoner.

Schamyl then assumed the offensive, and in 1846, 1850 and 1851 made irruptions into Russian territory, at one time driving them back eight leagues. After the Crimean war Russia renewed operations in the Caucasus, and in the summer of 1859 the Circassian army seized the Circassian strong hold and drove Schamyl to a mountain fastness called Gounib. He still resisted with a last desperate struggle, but was captured and taken to St. Petersburg a prisoner. He was honorably received by the Emperor. The country was conquered. At least Russia considered that the Georgian Christians would no longer be subject to the Circassian yoke, and sailed. In 1864 about 300,000 Circassians removed to Turkey, and made their home on the western and southwestern shores of the Black Sea. English eulogists of these people have described them as the finest physical nobles of mankind, others have pictured them as semi-barbarous bands of outlaws, living entirely by plunder and war, pillaging and selling their daughters in Turkish markets to the number of 1,000 a year.

Schamyl did not long survive. He died in Mecca, Arabia, and soon afterward to Medina, where he died in March, 1871.

HOUSEKEEPER.

TEA CAKE. Two cups sugar, two eggs one cup butter, one cup milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful vanilla, thicken with flour, roll and bake.

FRENCH CAKE. Three and one-half cups flour, four eggs, one cup butter, one cup milk, two cups sugar, three even teaspoonful of yeast powder, one nutmeg, vanilla to taste.

RICE WAFFLES.—One cup boiled rice, one pint milk, two eggs, half size of a walnut, half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar one teaspoonful salt, a little flour to thin batter.

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart flour, butter size of an egg, two cups buttermilk one teaspoonful soda, same quantity cream tartar, salt, to temilk one sweet milk, with one half teaspoonful cream tartar.

PLUM PUDDING.—Twelve cups of rice, well soaked. Sweeten to taste. Flavor with lemon. Add one cup of suet and a teaspoonful of butter. Excellent if baked in a slow oven for three or four hours.

TO REMOVE PAINT OR PUTTY. Rub the paint with spirits of turpentine if dry drop it on the paint and let it be, rub the spot if not removed. Wash with soap and cloth or may be removed in the same manner.

A DEPUTY MICHIGAN.—A strong medicine capable of producing good results when taken in glass together, is made of 96 ounce of strong rum and ample solution of which a wineglass of it grains salicylic acid in one ounce of alcohol in third of an ounce of water is added.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Wash silver in hot suds in soap-suds with soft soap without injury to the skin if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice before washing. To remove the corroding effect of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal is good for washing silver, and should be used when roughened by cold or labor will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in winter will find this comforting.

A HINT TO LADIES.—Remember to shake off and remove all dust from a black garment every time it is worn. Nothing sooner shows dust than silk, poplin, or woolen than to wear it shopping, riding, or even for a day in the house and then hang up without removing the dust. The gritty motes with which the air is filled, particularly in regions where coal is constantly used, grind and wear out any fabric. First shake well outdoors and over dress faithfully. A back window is a good place to shake them from. Then take a soft old handkerchief and brush the dress with that instead of a clothes brush. See that all the dust that settles in folds or plaits is removed. Nothing so soon shows dust and shake the dust off the handkerchief out of the window every little while.

Nerves and Their Needs.

In what does nerve food consist? In what do we find it? Is it meat? no; white bread? no; potatoes? no. If it is not found in these staples, in what is it to be found? I answer, in the exterior of the great kernel, in the skin of the potato and in milk principally also in eggs and fish. I answer, the chief food staples, in the dietic system are almost entirely deficient in brain and nerve building material. In view of these facts it is a result to be wondered at that the starving nervous tissue in the overworked masses attempts to satisfy an intolerable sense of craving, of physical hunger, by the use of stimulating poisons that less mercifully supply the place of brain and nerve food? I answer, the cause of intemperance is based upon a fundamental error in the present dietetic system. Let it always be borne in mind that stimulating poisons—alcohol, opium and tobacco—temporarily supply the place of brain and nerve food. What is the remedy for intemperance? I answer, nerve food building material to supply the waste of the nervous tissue in the process of mental activity. further, a reform in the present popular system of dietetics by reducing the proportion of fat and muscle forming elements, and increasing the nerve and brain building material in the food, and in the supply in each case meet the demand and no more.

NERVOUSNESS AND NERVISM.

Nervousness is one of the prices we have for civilization; the nervous barge is a long line inboard of. For this disorder which is parlty of mental and partly of bodily nature relief is thought in various ways, and among them by the use of places the manufacturers of nostrums. The temporary relief afforded by these drugs is very little but the habit they induce is fatal. Occasional sensations to put too much trust in and resort too frequently to them. In the long run they are barbarous and inefficient. The ballet is a full hour long, and varies in width from 60 to 120 miles. No other country on the globe contains so many different kinds of people. "Not less than 70 dialects were" spoken. At present there are more than 100—Persian, Turkish, and Tartar words—in use among them. Christians are found. The prevaing religion is the Mohammedan, but Christians are numerous among them. For a century and a half they were split up into a number of clans or petty tribes, who frequently warred with each other, incensed them into organization, and in 1785 the encroachments of the Russians had become so great that they united in a religious war, and it has been silenced since. The Russians have, on the other hand, been greatly incensed at the barbarous treatment of their troops by the Caucasians. In 1791 the Circassian leader was made a prisoner and put to death. War followed soon after, and lasted for forty years. One of their chieftains, 30 or 40 years ago, after years of hard fighting against the Russians, fell in Hilari, with all his friends except one dead around him. This young survivor was taken to Russia, and it is said to have been a silent and earnest man, learned beyond his people, and believing himself inspired. This man was Schamyl, who is called him "The Prophet Warrior of the Caucasus."

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FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, May 10, 1877.

We are now in the beautiful month of May (Mai) and the Champs Elysees are looking and feeling in all its glory. The boulevards and avenues are filled with pedestrians and equipages. Every one's spirits seem to rise with the season, and the sight is one that does one good to see. The number of gay and happy faces there are many among those who carry very anxious minds approaching the time for the opening of the Exposition, impending in its neighborhood, and there is no knowing what a day may bring forth which may involve a very long time, distract the peace and tranquility of their homes and firesides. France hopes to retain her neutrality but she may unfortunately be dragged into the conflict and before she has fairly recuperated from the effects of the ravages of the last war. But we must hope for the best and wait patiently the issue of events. A few mornings since, at a very early hour, when nearly all the Frenchmen were wrapped in the deep sleep, which is the result of the old soldier Billiot took place. The Guillotine, a barbarous instrument of death, a reminiscence of the past ages, was done away with and the penalty which he so richly deserved for the awful crime of which he was convicted, that is beheading by means cutting her into pieces and throwing them in the Seine. The execution (axle required by law) was effected in a public place. Victor Hugo, Jules Favre and no publicity had been given for the day fixed, very few persons were present. The prisoner was only awakened a few minutes before the time appointed, and had arrived to prepare to meet his awful doom. Accompanied by his spiritual advisers and surrounded on all sides by soldiers, he walked with firm tread and steady step to where, in a few moments, the deadly axle would sever the head and end all that was mortal of Billiot. Before his death he was to gain a consolation of his sentence, but President MacMahon remained firm, and I need not end of this dull character into a more lively and agreeable one. I attended on Saturday a musical soiree, given by the Countess de Flahaut, the wife of Gen. Flahaut, as the successor of Monsieur Le Comte and Madame La Comtesse Doria. La Comtesse Flahaut is a most accomplished woman, with several charming soirees, at which the most eminent musical celebrities perform, and Chopin. Miss E. B. was a disciple of Chopin with Prince Rabenhausen, and she played the Polonaise in A flat, and the Impromptu in F sharp, and the Waltz in D flat, and the "Berceuse Gigue," as sung by Madame Gazzaniga at the Imperial Academy of Music with much applause from the audience. Mr. Lawton, the U. S. Consul at Paris, Philadelphia being represented by the Vice Consul, Mr. Hooper, his wife and her daughter and Miss Lawton. Mr. Lawton is a great lover of the French nobility, and though the evening passed off most agreeably, one could not help but perceive by the tone of conversation, which was carried on in French, that the war was the all absorbing topic. The future, to this nation seems more of the most eloquent opera, and it would be hard to say which will be the result. I forgot to say that while talking of consumption for the cure of which Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment is so highly recommended, I was informed by a lady friend that a remedy had been discovered, and was used with great success in the hospitals of Paris. The ballad is known as the "Cure for Consumption." It is composed of the following ingredients: Cod liver oil, in a Parisian salon. In America, at a large party, there is no lamentable quantity of diamonds and of great value, but in Paris, as I stated, while here there is a perfect abuse of them, no matter to which door you turn they meet you at every step. The opera season is drawing to the head, neck shoulders and arms, but on the closer. The doors Des Italiens have been closed for the season, and Adelina Patti (Zapagni) Barrie was brought to a rather sudden termination in consequence of her serious indisposition, and Mlle. Nilsson (Madame Auguste Rouzaud) Marie Louise Dwars, are still drawing crowds at their respective houses. Francesca da Rimini," by Antonio Rotoli, has been withdrawn and transferred to the Grand Opera, has been withdrawn and transferred to the Theatre Italien, where it will be produced with great splendor of mise en scene. The principal role will be sung by Madame Nilsson

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Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1877.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is a significant fact that we are as a nation developing a real literature. We have been heretofore too apt to lean upon England for our thought and to accept English fiction and philosophy without a protest. Some writers in this country have asserted that there is no color in American life and therefore there can be no romance.

Such an idea is as superficial as it is unpatriotic. America abounds in color, circumstance, variety of phases of human nature. Bret Harte has shown what can be done in the field of Western romance, and now it remains for the novelist or poet of America's future to discover the treasure hidden in the national character, underlying all the superficial strata of American society, and to bring it to the surface and develop it. Why should America not be the greatest literary nation in the world? We are every way as clever, to use an English phrase, as the English; we are as ingenious and as fond of color, and variety and humor, as the French. Our humor is sui generis. It is true we have not the romance of an oldsociety or a true blood aristocracy, as has England, or the tradition of one, as has France—or the semblance of one as has Italy—but we have here in this varied country, extending from the temperate zone to the verge of the torrid, a complex society in which there is a certain and undoubted national character. To portray this society is the aim of the future American literateur—to paint American humanity in unfading color is the mission of the novelist of the future.

There is one element, however, which we as a nation lack—namely, the purely artistic. We are almost Oriental in our fondness for color. Yet art is not encouraged, and our native artists pine for the want of encouragement. We are good-natured and emotional, yet our dramatic art is half savage. Not an ideal nor barbaric age—an age of pure materialism—produced any great scaffer like Heine, or even a great Utopian reformer like Maznini, of Italy.

In a country which extends from one vast ocean to another, with its feet upon the tropics and its head in polar zones—a country of enormous resources—there has been no such a thing as a national American literature. But that it will develope into a rich harvest, no one doubts. It may be that in some dim future, men may strive to attain a patriotic ideal not only in politics, but also in belles-lettres, and that Americans may say with true pride, "This is the nation of thought, of genius, of art. Show us another like it on earth!"

AMERICANS AND THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Now that the extra session of Congress has been postponed until October, and no provision has been made for the appointment of a Commissioner to the Paris International Exhibition of 1878, it becomes a serious question whether exhibitors from this country will be enabled to display their goods and inventions there, or not.

It will be remembered that the appointment of such a commissioner was one of the topics to be considered at the extra session of Congress, but the postponement will render such a consideration impossible, because the managers of the Paris International Exhibition have fixed a limit within which applications for space must be made through the accredited representatives of the different countries, and that limit will be reached before October.

In 1855 the same difficulty occurred, and no American commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867 was appointed, but at that time the trouble was overcome by the President authorizing the United States Minister to France to act in that capacity. It is now suggested that President Hayes shall adopt the same course as his predecessor in this matter, and it would seem that this is the only way out of the dilemma.

It is to be sincerely hoped, that some such plan of action will be resolved upon at once, as since the Centennial it has grown more important than ever that there should be a display from this country at the French capital next year, as otherwise our industrial and manufacturing interests would be lowered in the eyes of the world.

[illegible] however, [illegible] current as to [illegible] that, owing to the removal [illegible] Commissioner to France, the United [illegible] Exhibition will be [illegible] ample time in which to act. But, in such an important matter, leaving anything to chance is decidedly impolitic, and the President should not be content to take the risk.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the traveler, poet and novelist, has abundant cause to gratefully remember the SATURDAY EVENING POST, for from that journal he received about his earliest practical encouragement to undertake a literary career. We could tell the story in our own words, but we prefer that our readers should see what that excellent Boston magazine, "Wide-Awake," has to say on the subject: "A cousin of Bayard Taylor determined to go to Germany to study at Heidelburg, and he instantly determined to go with him, and to pay his way by getting engagements as a newspaper correspondent. He was a bold idea in a country lad of nineteen, but it succeeded, for correspondents were not as plentiful thirty-three years ago as they are to-day. Money must be raised at once, and to raise it "Ximena" was published by subscription, Chester County furnishing names enough to pay the expenses of an edition. The Philadelphia papers spoke well of the poetical venture, which was handsome of them, but somehow they didn't seem to want a European correspondent. Finally, however, the United States Gazette and the SATURDAY EVENING POST each agreed to take twelve letters from the young poet, and to pay the price of fifty dollars for them."

HORSE RACING in England, though certainly surrounded with many repulsive and reprehensible features, is much better conducted than in the United States. It is, to a considerable extent, under the patronage of royalty and the nobility, as may be seen from the following statement of the constitution of the English Jockey Club: The English Jockey Club has ninety-eight members, including two crowned heads, the Kings of Belgium and Holland; three heirs to the throne, the Prince of Wales, the Czarovitch and the Prince of Orange; five princes of royal blood, the Dukes of Edinburg, Connaught and Cambridge, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia; six dukes, five marquises, twenty earls, five viscounts, five barons and sons of peers, twenty-one untitled gentlemen, and certain honorary members of the French Jockey Club.

In these days of large and frequent conflagrations it is eminently desirable to know an effectual and at the same time a simple preventive of suffocation from smoke—something that can be used instantly and without requiring extensive preparation. Such a preventive a recent correspondent of the London Times thinks he has discovered, and, in fact, actual experiments would seem to have established its entire efficacy. This correspondent says that a pillow-case, well saturated with water, and having a small hole torn in it to look through, placed loosely over the head, will be found an admirable impromptu respirator in the densest smoke. Vice-Admiral Jerningham, of the British Navy, made in command of the Cambridge gunnery training ship at Plymouth, England, made the first experiment with this pillow-case respirator. He had twelve pounds of loose powder exploded in a confined part of the ship, which, although screened off with fearnaught, emitted no doubt a smoke that those outside had to lie down on the deck. A common pillow-case, with a small eyehole, was placed over the head of a man, who with the hose in his hand, went inside and remained ten minutes, when, to assure his friends outside of his safety, he sang a comic song. This preventive is certainly simple enough, and it could be tried.

IT may be a satisfaction to many of our lady readers to know were the bulk of the human hair that is sold at the hairdressers' shops comes from, as well as from the great depot of the trade is located. We therefore reproduce the following paragraph from the London Pall Mall Gazette, which gives the full particulars of the matter: "The trade in human hair continues to increase at Marseilles, and has now become a staple article of commerce in that city. Six or seven years ago the annual quantity imported did not exceed sixteen tons, but it increased in 1873 to fifty and in 1875 to eighty tons. It was thought that this total would never be exceeded; but the returns of 1876 have already falsified the prediction, as during the past year ninety-two tons were registered as having arrived at Marseilles. Formerly all the hair imported into Marseilles came from Italy, but that country is now unable to meet the increasing demand, and the brisk trade has been opened with the extreme East. Thus of the ninety-two tons imported last year, forty-three came from Italy, while China supplied thirty-one. Turkey five, and Japan three tons, the remainder being made up of importations from Egypt, India, Germany, Belgium, Spain, and Algeria. The total quantity of hair imported into France last year is estimated at 122 tons—value, 180,000—and Marseilles, with ninety-two tons, has three-fourths of the trade in her own hands." After being gathered at Marseilles, the hair is arranged by the various dealers for exportation, and from thence America and England are mainly supplied.

Why He Quit Preaching.

A good story is told of a preacher in Iowa, which has the merit, at least, of being true. He had been preaching several years with great earnestness and zeal. He pulled off his coat and went in for the harvest of souls. He labored with great fervency and with success, and seemed in season and out of season. His bread cast upon the waters did not come back to him. His pay was poor, and his purse always low. It was probably a poor preacher, though not a dead-head preacher, and was not exactly a "starving without a word of explanation to anybody. One day a kind-hearted brother went to him and inquired why he had deserted his post. "Well," said the preacher, "I did it on the think about it. I thought I had a Divine call to preach, and I went to work with all my heart. I got very poor pay, and had to plant corn, garden truck, and on some abused fractional scraps of land. I prayed over the matter constantly, that God might show me the right way. At [illegible] times I discovered there was a call for preachers. The call to preach was not [illegible] I was not [illegible] ample time in which to act. But, in such an important matter, leaving anything to chance is decidedly impolitic, and the President should not be content to take the risk.

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LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from J. Henry Smith publication of this city, an initial number of "Mamma's Bulletin for Little Children." This work will be in twelve numbers and will be published in two years. It will be issued to subscribers at the very moderate price of three dollars for the entire work. "Mamma's Bulletin" is designed to be a weekly visitor, which cannot fail to catch the eyes of all the children. It is, besides, a perfect treasury of healthful and interesting stories, poems and miscellaneous sketches. But the character and scope of the work will perhaps be better understood from the following "Letter to the Little Ones," by J. Henry Smythe:

"Loved children, every number is adorned with pretty pictures! Pictures are childhood's happiest teachers. Illustrations are the windows through which the young children look at truth, at beauty and at life, and the more the the illustration the more lasting the lesson which is taught by the story. When a book or story is embellished it becomes a friend, and a book without pictures is like a flower without smell. The best magazine in existence, by the use of proper pictures, and the wax little readers or listeners see actually what is on the page to them for the coming month. Each number, with the nannie goats harnessed in the traces and there the merry birds warbling in the grove, there the fair maidens sing the sunbeam dancing on the floor, and there the little soldiers are marching in the field; there are the boys playing soldiers in the lane, and there the ship caught in the fury of a midnight storm. Children understand these things better than we can write them, and remember by means of pictures what they would otherwise forget. Pictures and I will tell its own story, or also the picture becomes a sweet questions which nothing but the reading of the narrative can answer, and the book has a new interest when we have made the acquaintance of the ugly old woman, the wicked fairy, or the fairy in disguise and loved little children, and of the brave boy who period his life to save the little girl who had broken through the ice, and was sinking in the water. We shall try to make our "Sunshine" a book which a child will treasure up and love, and often refer to for help in the week and a blessing to every household, a charming teacher of poetry, prose and delightful things, and also a power to brighten every home it enters, and we hope not only to please the eye with beautiful pictures, but to please the ear, to put within the reach of of the little ones an influence for good, all powerful because beautiful, and beautiful because of the life-giving truth within it. "Mamma's Sunshine" is a book filled with the choicest and most beautiful things, and presents much for the study, ing it to their children,—it is not a mere picture book, though so largely and liberally illustrated, for that alone will be found even better and more delightful than the pictures. To all girls and boys who love books, pictures and birds, flowers and sunshine, and sweetstories, we offer our winsome and sparkling magazine for little children, in hope that they will derive from it much real pleasure as we have had in preparing it for their enjoyment."

Moore & Langley, of this city, send us a highly entertaining volume called the "Recollections of Samuel Breck." This work is from the pen of Samuel Breck, and covers the years between 1771 and 1862. Up to 1797 the matter is taken from the manuscript recollections prepared by the writer himself; and from 1797 onward to 1836 his diary has been drawn on by the editor. Mr. Breck died in this city August 31, 1862, at the age somewhat beyond ninety one years, and his memory, which continued excellent to the last, was richly stored with recollections of our country's history from the commencement of the Revolution to the beginning of the war for the Union. He was born in Boston, educated in France and resided for the greater part of his long life in Philadelphia. Mr. Breck was at one period in business, but acquiring at early independence, he was enabled to enjoy the delights of leisure, reserved, observant, and generally became thoroughly acquainted with their characteristics and various peculiarities. The work contains occasionally a chatty vein, and is readable from the first to the final page, for Mr. Breck was genial as well as observant, and his pen-pictures of several eminent persons engage in the book. In short, the "Recollections" is a volume that everybody, especially Philadelphians, should read. It is gotten up in an exceedingly neat style.

Messrs. Roberts Bros., Boston, have issued "Ouida's Ariadne," by Kate N. Woods. This work is the Fletcher prize essay for 1877, and was written in accordance with the will of the late Hon. Richard Fletcher, LL.D., of Boston, who provided a special fund from which a prize of $1,000 was to be offered biennially for the best essay on topics calculated to counteract the spirit of worldliness in Christians and the spirit of Christians of light." Ouida is admirably fitted for this purpose, and, whilst breathing the most devout spirit through out, is by no means dull or uninteresting or uninstructive. The work is elegantly printed on fine paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth. Price $1.25. The sale in this city by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We have received from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, "Ariadne, the Story of a Dream." This is one of Ouida's sparkling and fascinating novels, and will be found fully up to her reputation as presenting as any of her romances from her prolific pen. Ouida is a lady of high literary taste, and she ventures to write on subjects that would appear trifling or ridiculous if handled by a novelist not gifted with peculiar and surprising genius, but Ouida is gifted, and hence she adorns every thing she touches. "Ariadne" has an excellent plot, which is worked out and developed in a most masterly manner. The characters are vividly and effectively drawn, and some of the descriptions of scenery are beautiful and artistic word paintings. As an instance of the latter we would quote the following description: "It is no beaten high-way to our Roman Rome across the land from Etrurian Arezzo; the Umbrian soil is rich and fresh, masses of oak and of the chestnut-trees shelter the wild creatures, and break the lines of olive and of vine; behind are the mountains, dusky against the light, with floating vapors veiling them, and half hiding some ruined fortress or walled village, or the white walls of a palace and half palace, set high upon their ridges and ever and again upon some spur of them or eminence, some old gray city sacred to the past, and still in fame immortal." "Ariadne" is in one volume, 12 mo., and is bound in cloth uniformly with the rest of the Fletcher prize series, which Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., are also the publishers. Price $1.75. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city have re-published Miss Grey's fine novel, "The Flirt." This romance tells the story of a giddy girl, who passed her time in breaking the hearts of all her admirers, and finally, when she did fall a prey to a noble, but elderly English Duke Jack, "Flirt" was highly popular many years ago, and its re-production will tend to revive the sensation it once created. The work is bound in cloth, one volume, and is of convenient size for summer reading. It will, no doubt, have an extensive sale.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have just published "After Many Days," a novel by Christian Reid. It is issued in octavo size, paper cover, and is for sale in this city at Appleton's "Library of American Fiction." "After Many Days" is written in an easy, graceful style and is a novel of more than ordinary merit. It can be obtained in this city of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price $1.00.

A Unique Invalid.

There is a man now residing in Eureka, Nevada, whose affliction and location is such as can best anybody's little game. Some years ago, when the Eureka excitement was agitating the citizens of Pioche, out here, who was in an impecunious condition, sorely, and broke, resolved to put his wits to work with some plan that succeeded admirably in filling his pockets and adorning his back. Letting a confederate into the secret, he procured a vial of strong oil, rubbed his head, and by repeated applications, brought out a fine, close cropping without a word of explanation to anybody. One day a kind-hearted brother went to him and inquired why he had deserted his post. "Well," said the preacher, "I did it on the think about it. I thought I had a Divine call to preach, and I went to work with all my heart. I got very poor pay, and had to plant corn, garden truck, and on some abused fractional scraps of land. I prayed over the matter constantly, that God might show me the right way. At [illegible] times I discovered there was a call for preachers. The call to preach was not [illegible] I was not [illegible]

PERSONAL.

Bank Examiner Reed is stirring up trouble in New York.

Colin Logue is convicted over the fatigues of deep-girls.

Six deaths have resulted from the Kemper county tragedy.

Henry Ward Beecher is building a new house at Peekskill.

Gov. Hendricks' home in Indianapolis is neat and unpretending.

Brigham Young's followers fear that Lee's fate will overtake him.

Tottering Lily is the wife of the Chinese Ambassador at London.

Mac Mahon is one of few men who can make a crisis by five strokes of his pen.

Edwin Adams is improving rapidly in the delicious air of San Rafael, Cal.

Engande is visiting in Spain, and is to be in Madrid before the 1st of June.

Col. Mosby is still active and apparently of some influence at Washington.

Dr. Thomas P. Sheppard, of Providence, left $250 to charities in his will.

Eight Methodist bishops were assembled at a reception in Cleveland last week.

Secretary McCrary is described from one of the medical seminaries about Gettysburg.

A. H. Stephens is in better health than when he started for Washington last winter.

Gen. Grant's son Buck, a Princeton Leander Stockwell died while leading a prayer meeting.

The sweet scent of the magnolias of Mobile can be enjoyed thirty miles out on the gulf.

Darwin declares that he has found the antidote of schlimmann's discoveries at Mykenae.

Sometimes even contractors commit suicide. Julius E. Hilton, of New York, is an instance.

The 167th anniversary of the death of John Eliot was observed in Newton, Mass., last Sunday.

Pere Hyacinthe's late course of lectures at the Winter Garden in Paris had a great success.

Richard Wagner keeps a bulky MS. autobiography for the benefit of those he leaves behind him.

Captain General Martines Campos is not making much headway against the Cuban patriots.

On Saturday one of the New York papers had Charley Ross playing ball on Christopher street.

Policeman Lodley, of New York, fired ten shots at a Spitz dog. The bootjobbist accidentally hit the dog.

Frederick Rankin is a Maine product, 17 years old, 6 feet, 4½ inches high, and weighs 168 pounds.

The only unmarried centenarian in New England, Miss Betsey Jones, has just died in Royalton, Vt.

Jeff Davis' coming memoirs promise to create a greater rumpus, by far, than Sherman's book caused.

Miss Mary Maury, daughter of the late Commodore, was married in Richmond last week to Jas. R. Worth.

Mr. Ormsby says you may know a man's character by the newspaper he reads. But if he reads none?

MacMahon, they now conclude, is the fool of a desperate conspiracy to undo the work of the last 101 years.

Wagner never sits down to his desk with the deliberate intention of producing anything. It is inspiration.

An infant in Royalston, Mass., was lately poisoned by the arsenic used in manufacturing a fine colored rubber.

Miss Helen Taylor, step-daughter and literary assistant of the late John Stuart Mills, is a brunette and dresses with taste.

Thomas Crapo and wife will start from New Bedford on the 25th inst to cross the Atlantic in a boat only thirteen feet long.

The Indianapolis Journal wants a monument to the memory of Miss Chisolm, the girl killed in the Kemper county tragedy.

The Cossack is about five feet five inches in height, but stout and well and withal an unsavory sort of gentleman to mix with.

The grave of John C. Breckenridge, in Lexington, Ky., is covered by a scroll shaped headstone of Italian marble.

Hamdi Pasha, Minister of Police, orders all Turkish women to adopt the European costume and return to the national one.

Mosher, of Charley Ross notoriety, wrote sixteen years ago a novel, the plot of which turned on the abduction of a child.

James Peak has lived in a log hut in Overton county, Tennessee, for 73 years, and is now 101 years old, and worth $200,000.

Prof. Morf, president of the Vaudois section of the Alpine Club, fell down an icy slope near the Diablerets recently, and was killed.

Millais is making a picture to represent the annual search of the basement of the Houses of Parliament for any Fawkes torpedoes.

Wong Kim Ark, who spent nine ten months among our 40,000,000 people for every one among the 450,000,000 of his own countrymen.

Lieut. Col. Yamagata, who has lately distinguished himself in Japanese military affairs, was for some time a pupil in New Haven.

M. Jablochkoff is the inventor of a new "electric candle." It is a mere piece of sand, with two rods of carbon for a wick, and burns with an intense light.

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E. M. Gates, a prisoner in the Liberty Mo.) jail, married one Fanny sanders, a few days since. He stood outside and she stood inside—a sort of Gates ajar arrangement.

The Governor's Grays, of Dubuque, claim that they were the first to offer to support the government under the late capital secession and made the offer January 14, 1861.

There are nine million people in Mexico but only one million are considered Mexicans in the government of the country. The rest are Indians, from which class came Juarez.

Prince Charles of Roumania is of course on good terms with Emperor William, and the Grand Duke Nicholas is invited to make his headquarters at Prince Charles' palace.

Miss Lizzie McCall, the actress, is somewhat grieved at the report of her elopement, but much more sorrowful because the report said she was eight years older than she really is, or will be.

Gen. Beauregard's sympathies are with the Turks. He would like to hold the line of the Danube and the United Confederates, and overwhelm with 25,000 cavalry to bring starvation on all the country up to Middle Russia.

Gen. Fisher says that before this cruel war is over Robinson Pasha English half-pay officer will be sent to obstruct the Suez Canal, while Captain Brown and Captain Half-pay Silver will be building a Russian road from Khiva to British India.

While a clergyman in Jefferson City was applying for aid for foreign missions last Sunday a hen flew off from the contribution box and the deacons found that she had given her mite in the shape of a new egg. It was not sent to the heathen, however.

Miss Ida Hawley, of Hornellsville, committed suicide the other day from "a deep seated conviction that life was not worth living." She was young and healthy and said she never lacked love, friends, food or clothes, but was 30 years old, and dear sake had a secret behind her oppressed stoical philosophy.

No Homestead on the Hop.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A dozen or more farmers around the Central Market were yesterday taking a deep interest in a war map published in a daily paper, when Brother Gardner, the old settler, came along. He stopped into the throng and closely studied the map for a minute or two.

"What boots on dis map is ole Virginny?" he suddenly called out.

"It is," replied one of the crowd.

"What boots on dis map is Richmond?" continued Gardner, running his finger over the paper in a wild way.

"How do you expect to find Richmond on this map?" asked a farmer, with a sneer.

"How do I 'spect? Why, ah, what has de map of Virginny got to 'spect Richmond? Wasn't dat Jeff Davis' capital, Richmond? Wasn't dat de place we had to take? Wasn't dat de place we had to go to Europe in ten years? Hasn't you got a map dat will show Richmond? Ef you hasn't, I'll have you to know dat I'm de best map in dis city, and you kin tell me Richmond or I'll tear you limb from limb!"

"Why, they talk of great wheatfields and meadows."

"It will need a sight of drainage, and that means a sight of money. I should not think Stephen had life cash sufficient."

"He wants to borrow it."

Joseph's face clouded.

"Wonders never cease. I thought Stephen Gray would starve before he would borrow or owe money."

"Don't cast up the past, uncle. Stephen thinks if he could borrow a thousand pounds, he would make it ten in a very few years; and, uncle, I came to-day to ask you to lend him it."

"You came a useless journey, Maggie; forbye I don't like that pride that makes others stay for its conceit."

"Squire Twaites said you had plenty of money in the bank."

"If I had money, I'd never trust it in any bank: but I make no more than I need now. I am getting an old man, Maggie."

"Stephen will be sorely disappointed."

"He has no call to be so. I told him you would have no fortune, and he quite mourned at the thought of money with you; he had his choice between you and Kate Croft, with the Croft manor as her will."

The old man was quite gloomy after this talk, and Maggie was almost glad to escape from the silent hearthstone to the bustle of her own busy farm and the noisy welcome of her husband.

Stephen took the refusal very proudly, but the idea had now become paramount, and Joseph Hawick's refusal had only made him the more determined to carry out the project.

He had a fierce struggle with his pride and his independence, but the next day he made arrangements to raise the money by a mortgage on the farm that had been unencumbered for a hundred years.

In a few weeks all arrangements had been made, the Moss had been bought, surveyed and divided, and the partners in its drainage went to work.

It soon proved itself a drainage of two kinds. After many hundreds of pounds had been spent to a very little purpose, more experienced surveyors had to be sent for, and entirely new means and new machinery. The money had been thrown into the Moss to abandon the project, and yet the constant cry for money was fast exhausting the patience and purses of both Thwaites and Stephen Gray.

The former, more able to bear his loss, became, after two years' labor, quite indifferent, talked of the affair as hopeless, and was half angry at Stephen for persisting.

But something like desperation animated the young farmer. He had so far mortgaged his home and estate that their redemption was hopeless if the Moss failed him.

Poor Maggie, with two little babies to care for, strove to help him in every way, because the city strange if nothing else did so. Then there is—what, indeed, was to be expected—a terrible depression in the value of lands, of houses or dwellings which line them. They can only be compared to the irregular way trees will grow in a forest, some dying, close to the edge of it, as the imitic get your by and by to the highway and thinks, back among the city is a perfect signal, and a straight line is not to be found. Indeed, there is a total stagnation in building. In the year 1876 there used to want the city is about three miles and a half, while from men to men it is about three miles. The Garden Home dividing the north part of the city from Gelsin on the north; while the Dupleree divides it from Scotsel. As to the streets of Centerville and Gelsin they will just bear the name—they are rather long and crooked lanes, with few, fine detached villas, and, consequently, with few detached boys, with small, uniformly-built houses. Little small houses would look but poorly. Much are accordingly doubled up by the population in the streets or ways of Constantinople. At present "business" is but little or less than a second-in street, with goods exposed for sale on either side of it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAGEDY.

Spalatro, in the Austrian province of Dalmatia, was a few weeks ago the scene of a most terrible tragedy. The archduke Francis Ferdinand's private church lived a somewhat named Tomic, who, becoming suddenly a prey to madrage, killed his wife and then his father, who had attempted to restrain him. When the police came they found that Tomic had everything effectually barred up, and, taking up a commanding position with a musket and plenty of ammunition. They were, therefore, compelled to turn back, and meanwhile Tomic put a bullet through a young boy's head from the crown of the street, severely wounded a woman. The police then drew a cordon around the house, but Tomic's musket commanded the space between his house and the police, and the top of the adjoining streets, and no one dared cross the street or approach the body of the young man. At length a clergyman who had great influence with Tomic bravely went forward and implored him to lead to the body of his poor little child. The father's answer to this appeal was by throwing out her limbs one by one! Then by rushing his fellow-men. The authorities would not allow the police to fire indiscriminately as they dared the man bereft of reason, so they set to work to endeavor to starve him out. The authorities commenced by stopping the supplies of food, and then the cordon was formed. The soldiers fore to the ground. Tomic was at a window, and upon the flame planishing and the remnant of the stock. I am sure, if I get it, to put the whole Moss under wheat this year, and that will practically save us. If I don't have a crop of wheat and all those years' labor, and we shall have this place began. You know the worst now, Maggie."

The next day, amid the driving storm, she watched her husband make his last desperate effort.

She turned and looked upon the pleasant room her three children playing unconsciously about it.

Then she fell upstairs, and falling down upon her knees, poured out all her heart in passionate, pleading prayer.

As she rose with streaming eyes, her uncle's last words fell and moved her mind.

Somehow they held a new meaning for her.

She unlocked her drawer, and lifted the old, brass-bound book carefully and tenderly out.

"It has comforted my fathers and mothers for many a generation," she said, softly; "I will see what it will do for me."

And she unclasped it with a prayer

"I was brought low and He helped me."

They were good words and the rest the whole room through and through and the loud

A bank-note for one hundred pounds fell at her feet.

She lifted it as though it had fallen from heaven, and gazed around to turn with anger, trembling fingers the well-worn pages.

One after another, notes fluttered into her lap, until from between the leaves of her uncle Joseph's wedding-gift she had taken eight hundred pounds [illegible]

Can anyone guess how she prayed again, and with what a radiant face she met the cross, wrinkled man that, half-drowned with the cross, walked about outdoors up in the housetops?

"Stephen—Stephen!" the wind [illegible] never lost its force. Then [illegible] the [illegible] and she opened the door before him.

Maggie was right; the money saved Stephen every way.

He bought Thwaites out, he paid off all claims on his home, he re-roofed his farm, and triumphantly finished the draining of Dru's Moss.

To-day there is a glorious stretch of wheatfields and meadow pastures, and many a traveler wonders at the bright and fruitful oasis in the barren county; then some exclaim, may say—

"It was since the devil's own acres, sir, and were and sheep pest counting lost their lives in its bogs; but Stephen Gray, with labor and gold, drained the ill land, and he and his have grown rich on its outcome, though felt do say as he found a crock of gold there one lucky day."

Maggie' s fortune was oddly given, but the eccentric old man did not judge for amiss.

His wedding gift was blessed as he intended it should be—in two ways—for Maggie and Stephen learned to love it, not only for the material help it had brought them in their extremity, but also for the promise of the far more ennobling and abundant riches which it promised and provided for.

Stephen, though wealthy, was no longer proud.

All his pride and resentment vanished when he gazed on the work he had finished by the aid of the Doctor's Gift.

THE CAPITAL OF TURKEY.

Constantinople is about thirteen miles round, and is enclosed by walls on the land and on the land side. The "Harbour," or Golden Horn, on the north, divides it from Galata, and the Bosphorus divides it from Scutari. These are properly but suburbs, but the city of Constantinople. It would be quite impossible to imagine a site better fitted for the building of an imperial city on. Nothing would seem to be wanting; and it is no wonder that the eyes of the world is every now and then fixed on it. The population of this Imperial city is about half a million, and is made up of a somewhat motley group—of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Turks, Franks, and of all the mixed race making up, as it would seem, about one-half of the population. It must be needless to say that the city stands on the site of antique Byzantium, founded 658 B.C. But long before Constantine the Great made it the capital of a colony of some sort in such a spot as this, and the first building on it of human habitation must have been of the "stone age," and of rude work, who left no record. The Romans divided his day and night into twenty-four hours, it is true, but his days begins with the sunset. An hour after sunset is one o'clock. It is at sunset, that the "call to prayer" is made from the galleries of the mosques, and the faithful, not at any one stated or set hour, and in this made not a little significant. The streets of Constantinople are narrow, and the houses of the city strange if nothing else did so. Then they is—what, indeed, was to be expected—a terrible depression in the value of lands, of houses or dwellings which line them. They can only be compared to the irregular way trees will grow in a forest, some dying, close to the edge of it, as the imitic get your by and by to the highway and thinks, back among the city is a perfect signal, and a straight line is not to be found. Indeed, there is a total stagnation in building. In the year 1876 there used to want the city is about three miles and a half, while from men to men it is about three miles. The Garden Home dividing the north part of the city from Gelsin on the north; while the Dupleree divides it from Scotsel. As to the streets of Centerville and Gelsin they will just bear the name—they are rather long and crooked lanes, with few, fine detached villas, and, consequently, with few detached boys, with small, uniformly-built houses. Little small houses would look but poorly. Much are accordingly doubled up by the population in the streets or ways of Constantinople. At present "business" is but little or less than a second-in street, with goods exposed for sale on either side of it.

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A REVERIE.

Shall we grow weary there?
Still all the beauty of that other shore
By weak and wayward thoughts dulled or marred,
Or shorn of its completeness, saying that she was
Not ever hope, or thought, or unknown care,
Or which to-day is fair, to-morrow will be none
Of these? Ah, no, sweet! Or will it be so now
That the eternal rest of God, and calm
Of heaven's infinite noon, from place to place
Bear the wintry wind, leaving no trace
Of where it lingered last, on human brow
Or heart, or home, or anything that grieve
Impressed it unforgotten?

They tell us when the night
In holy silence falls around us here,
And sleep sits on this, that loved ones come as near
Nothing our mortal keep in sense of light
As they are always, pass the inner spheres
Where we shall follow them, and their angel's regalia,
Like to our own. Oh! tell us we implore,
Our home to-night is quiet as a grave,
The wind moves softly, and the falling snow
Smother's o'er it has scarcely touched the shore.
Our eye is rapture, seems to be night,
Heavenly darkness veils our earthly sight,
Is heaven's glory shining on this world?
Is heaven's presence, deep yearning and the night,
May 13, 1877. HELEN F. CAIRA.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "Winnett's Tom," "Strong from the Grave," "Husband of Which," &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 60, Vol. 50. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST NIGHT AMONG THE CAPTORS.

Looking up after a while from his absorbed contemplation, Colonel Vane held before him the man who had been mainly instrumental in their capture by having falsely decoyed them to the shore. The name of this man, as we have before stated, was Barney Fleet.

As soon as this individual saw Castleton's eyes fastened in distasteful anger upon him, sensible of the guilty light in which his conduct must appear, he attempted a confused exculpation and apology.

"Had I the use of my hands," said Vane, sagely. "I would force every word you attempt to utter back into your false throat. After your treachery has accomplished our ruin what need is there of explanation? If it were possible for you to have any compunctions of conscience, you should be speechless with agony at the thought of having caused the death of a worthy and unoffending man, whose scalp is there exposed before his powerless family and friends."

"Ah, how little do you know I" whined Fleet, hypocritically. "Had it not been for the ruse of which you complain so bitterly, and into which I was forced without any power to protect, each of your scalps would have been strung with this one and your bodies floating down yonder river."

"How, sir?"

"Sure? Those Indians have been employed by parties of your own color, and have been in waiting here for twenty-four hours. Had you refused to allow the boat to come to shore you would have been fired into without mercy."

"And so you would have me believe that you were acting for our good?" replied Castleton, scornfully.

"As far as I was able, yes," answered Barney, "for I myself was not consulted. My course of conduct was laid down for me by others, and I dar'st not do or say the same penalty which this unfortunate being has done; who would not however have been slain had he not taken the life of Tom Sharpe, the long agent of the Border League; for I can assure you that I have not fond of taking human life when they can avoid it, that being a rather risky business."

"And what has been the object of this raid?" asked Vane.

"You will find out in time," replied Fleet. "You had put your finger into a dangerous pie, and it seems amputation was necessary before you would let it go."

"What are they going to do with us?"

"I have not been told. I believe it is their purpose to take you into the remotest quarter of the Indian settlements, and keep you a prisoner for years—perhaps for all your life."

"If they can."

"Hist! utter no threats. My advice to you is that you harbor no thought of attempting to escape. You would be slain on the spot."

"Wish it better than long captivity," said Vane, gloomily. "I will bide my time." He glanced across to where Iola sat at a short distance, and a warning glance from her cautioned him to be quiet. Fleet, perceiving the looks interchanged, and Castleton, glancing around, beheld a negro man, clothed in tatters, sitting at the root of a pine tree, but little more than a yard to his left.

The white eyes of the negro were turned compassionately upon him.

"He lie to you,"said the African evidently trembling after the retreating figure of Barney Fleet.

"How?"

"Dey was waitin' for you, De white man brought de Injun word, and said dey must take you dead or alibe, to keep you from gittin' all de young lady's fortin. Dey don't want no fuss' how to git you to de banks, so as you wouldn't 'spect their long man, Tom Sharpe, who was to de boat wid you, de her berry minute Barney Fleet told you to, he would make tond and draw you to de shore."

"Would to heaven that I had the power of 'tonering' him up with a rope," said Vane indignantly, "I would hang him as high as Haman. But what are you doing here?"

"Me caught from de borders of Texus," answered the negro.

"How long have you been with them," asked Vane, incensed.

"Dunno—days and nights, lots uv um."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Why do you not run away?"

"Lor's, I wouldn't," replied the negro demurely, "Where would I go? Dey'd find me sure, an' den all the wool would be taken from de old nigger's head, like dat," and he pointed to the bloody scalp.

The fire had now been lighted over the greater part of the diameter of a semicircle formed by huge trees, and the savages began to gather about it with the evident intention of spending the night.

Darkness was already beginning to cover the earth, and the red glare of the firelight spread the shadows of the surrounding trees behind them formed a picture of mingled repulsiveness and attraction rarely witnessed since the days of the early settlers of our country.

A number of Seneca warriors had taken possession of Castleton Vane. If he could only be in speaking distance of John, to reassure her with a word, his situation might not, after all, have been so unbearable, when he remembered the perfectly healthy condition in which their first visit placed them had drawn from her lips, but he could see only the dim outlines of her figure, and that of her trusty old servant across the rocky glare of the firelight.

He turned to his helplessness to the negro to whom he had been speaking, and who had to have manifested some kindly feeling in his behalf, and requested him to tage and ... him the shawl which the friend ... had placed about his own ... to him after it to them as a protection from the chill night air, but York—for such the negro informed him was his name —soon came back returning the shawl with Miss Iola's compliments, saying that she was well supplied, and should pass the night in comparative comfort, the four women reclining upon their blankets together, and having a guard about them.

Castleton then drew the shawl about his shoulders again, and sat looking out disconsolately enough at the scene before him. What was the meaning of it? and what would they do with him? These were questions that kept his brain for hours in a fever of agitation.

That he had been thus entrapped to prevent him from reaching Callville, and securing Iola's property to her was very evident. He had seen and recognized Ned Scott, moving about among the Indians; though when the attack had been first made on the boat he had worn a mask and other disguises, and he wondered what connection this fellow could have with the Dare and Cushing investigement, and why they had not murdered him to be sure of getting him out of the way, as they had done Redd Lacy.

What was their intention in regard to Iola? Would they keep her a prisoner, as York had told him they intended to do him? Ah! if that were the case, he would endure all things for her sake.

It could not have been far from day when Castleton Vane, worn by his long and singular vigil, fell asleep.

He was awakened, however, at an early hour the next morning by active bustle about him, and opening his eyes saw that the band of outlaws and Indians was all astir.

Vane had complained of the ropes which had bound his hands, and they now readily cut them asunder, observing him at the same time that if he should make the least effort to stir beyond the limits appointed to him he would be riddled by the simultaneous discharge of a dozen rifles.

The Indians there, occupied themselves for some time in rendering their appearance as terrific as possible by painting their faces with a variety of hues. Each of them was provided with a small hand mirror which he held before him with one hand while applying the paint with the other. The glass was encased in a rough frame with a stout handle, and a hole in the end of it, through which a string was passed, by which they usually suspended it in safety to their pack. This process Castleton was secretly informed by the negro was preparatory to some premeditated attack on the white men who might pass on the river before their departure.

And in truth a canoe containing some five or six men was, at that moment seen slowly descending the river, very near the opposite bank.

Barney Fleet, who had acquired a degree of perfection in acting his iniquitous part, that would have won him a reputation on any mimic stage, was again despatched by the side of the river, to repeat his distressful and importunate story, so as to induce the boat to come over in the power of this band of bloodhounds.

Castleton Vane looked in dismay, vainly hoping that it would be in his power by some secret signal or contrivance, to warn these unfortunate persons of their peril, and then prevent them from running headlong into such a trap as that in which they had been successfully caught. But in this desire he was frustrated. He felt a hand upon his arm, and looking around, beheld Iola pale and terror-stricken at his side.

"For God's sake, be still," she whispered, hurriedly, "you cannot possibly aid them, and will bring inevitable destruction upon yourself and you have promised me to preserve your life for my sake. You are closely watched."

"And if both our lives should be spared," he returned eagerly, in the same low tone, "and you should be permitted to pass to other and brighter scenes, you will give me liberty to try to win your hand?"

"Yes."

He pressed her small fingers hurriedly between his own, and looked down at the river again, while the unsuspecting canoe was turning towards them, hoping that if the worst came to the worst and there fell a sweet longing to save amongst whom he stood, were successful, he might, with the co-operation of several other able-bodied prisoners, contrive to effect his escape.

What prospect of success seemed likely to crown Castleton Vane's expectations in this regard, we will show in a future chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Castleton Vane had been observing Barney Fleet with such loathing that despite his promise to the beautiful girl beside him, whom he now recognized that he loved with all the strength of his heart, he felt a sweet longing to seize a ride, and take the life of this miscreant, before he could do further harm to others, let the consequences be what they would to himself. But this pleading for at his elbow checked the impulse while it might have been otherwise ungovernable, and gave him time to reflect upon the useless madness of such an act.

In the meantime Fleet, as ingenious as ever in wicked devices, appeared to be perfectly gratified to aid this mongrel band of savages in their views, and to experience no compunctions of conscience at suggesting means for their accomplishment.

Castleton and Iola were likewise in sight, and he fabricated the ready story that they were passengers up the Colorado, whose boat he recognized as one he had seen, and that it would be impossible for them to proceed until they had undergone some repairs, which they had been unable to effect for want of an axe.

The Indians, perfectly unsuspicious of any evil, turned in the direction of the shore; but the current being quite strong here bore them down some distance below the point at which Barney Fleet had first hailed them; while the latter hurried after them, imploring their assistance in the name of the good Lord.

The savages, as they had acted on the previous day, ran likewise down the river, at such a distance from it as to be under cover of the woods, that no suspicion of their presence was awakened until the canoe was close to the shore, when a sudden volley of rifle shot broke the quietude of the scene, and was followed as by an earthquake had opened at their feet, and swept like the fatal discharge of a masked battery over the little boat's crew. Four of the men were killed outright, and a wild bellow resounded into the water their bark was overturned.

The two remaining passengers, who were not yet dead, kept themselves afloat, but were soon overpowered by numbers, and could not swim off; while several Indians, seeing this, plunged into the river, and dragged them out to the shore.

Castleton still shuddering with horror, expected to see these unfortunate creatures tomahawked, with the rest, but was much relieved, when the crowd gave way a little, to see that they were turned over to an Indian who seemed to be a leader of a doctor.

A considerable booty seemed to be found on board; for these outlaws set up a shout, and began a regular war dance as the boxes were dragged on shore and broken open. The whole of the party had made an agreement with the Indians that they would take possession of only one small box, and would leave all the larger ones, with the remainder of the booty, for every Comanche, to the red men.

Castleton of course understood that this bargain, but paper, as they had pretended, but a vast amount of money, and that it was worth, perhaps; a hundred fold as much as all the rest of the articles put together; but as each of the parties seemed to be entirely satisfied, he necessarily held his peace. Amongst other articles of value, there were one or two very fine horses, the best of which was by common consent tendered to Red Bluff, a trophy which this self constituted chief seemed to value very highly. He then distributed their acquisitions among his followers in a manner that seemed entirely satisfactory to all. Flour, sugar and molasses, also formed a part of their plunder. And as the Indians seemed to think that the offices of these native whites were necessarily better versed in the art of cooking such delicacies, they gathered around their captive women, and commanded them to prepare a breakfast.

Mrs. Lacey and her niece were still plunged in such gloomy sorrow, that they refused to stir, though the severest penalties were threatened, until Mrs. Grimshaw in terror volunteered her services. Before consenting, the Indians turned inquiringly to the whites, among whom Miles Gay seemed to hold the leading position. They seemed to have recognized that the pretty dark-eyed captive and her attendants, were to be held as a sort of honorary prisoners, whom they were not to be at liberty to approach with any degree of familiarity.

Miles was seen to nod in grim approval of the employment of the old women, and then looking across to where Castleton Vane stood, whispered something with regard to him. An Indian immediately approached him, and commanded him to join in a hurried preparation or breakfast while the horses were being fed, and arrangements for a final departure were made.

Vane was offered an undressed bear's skin that had been used for a saddle cloth on the sore back of a horse, and presented accordingly by the Indian, with a dignified appearance, which was now to serve him in the place of a tray, but as a large, light tin pan had been among the commodities which had been taken from the illfated boat, and which he held before him with one hand while applying the paint with the other. The glass was encased in a rough frame with a stout handle, and a hole in the end of it, through which a string was passed, by which they usually suspended it in safety to their pack. This process Castleton was secretly informed by the negro was preparatory to some premeditated attack on the white men who might pass on the river before their departure.

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Barney Fleet, who had acquired a degree of perfection in acting his iniquitous part, that would have won him a reputation on any mimic stage, was again despatched by the side of the river, to repeat his distressful and importunate story, so as to induce the boat to come over in the power of this band of bloodhounds.

Castleton Vane looked in dismay, vainly hoping that it would be in his power by some secret signal or contrivance, to warn these unfortunate persons of their peril, and then prevent them from running headlong into such a trap as that in which they had been successfully caught. But in this desire he was frustrated. He felt a hand upon his arm, and looking around, beheld Iola pale and terror-stricken at his side.

"For God's sake, be still," she whispered, hurriedly, "you cannot possibly aid them, and will bring inevitable destruction upon yourself and you have promised me to preserve your life for my sake. You are closely watched."

"And if both our lives should be spared," he returned eagerly, in the same low tone, "and you should be permitted to pass to other and brighter scenes, you will give me liberty to try to win your hand?"

"Yes."

He pressed her small fingers hurriedly between his own, and looked down at the river again, while the unsuspecting canoe was turning towards them, hoping that if the worst came to the worst and there fell a sweet longing to save amongst whom he stood, were successful, he might, with the co-operation of several other able-bodied prisoners, contrive to effect his escape.

What prospect of success seemed likely to crown Castleton Vane's expectations in this regard, we will show in a future chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Castleton Vane had been observing Barney Fleet with such loathing that despite his promise to the beautiful girl beside him, whom he now recognized that he loved with all the strength of his heart, he felt a sweet longing to seize a ride, and take the life of this miscreant, before he could do further harm to others, let the consequences be what they would to himself. But this pleading for at his elbow checked the impulse while it might have been otherwise ungovernable, and gave him time to reflect upon the useless madness of such an act.

In the meantime Fleet, as ingenious as ever in wicked devices, appeared to be perfectly gratified to aid this mongrel band of savages in their views, and to experience no compunctions of conscience at suggesting means for their accomplishment.

Castleton and Iola were likewise in sight, and he fabricated the ready story that they were passengers up the Colorado, whose boat he recognized as one he had seen, and that it would be impossible for them to proceed until they had undergone some repairs, which they had been unable to effect for want of an axe.

The Indians, perfectly unsuspicious of any evil, turned in the direction of the shore; but the current being quite strong here bore them down some distance below the point at which Barney Fleet had first hailed them; while the latter hurried after them, imploring their assistance in the name of the good Lord.

The savages, as they had acted on the previous day, ran likewise down the river, at such a distance from it as to be under cover of the woods, that no suspicion of their presence was awakened until the canoe was close to the shore, when a sudden volley of rifle shot broke the quietude of the scene, and was followed as by an earthquake had opened at their feet, and swept like the fatal discharge of a masked battery over the little boat's crew. Four of the men were killed outright, and a wild bellow resounded into the water their bark was overturned.

The two remaining passengers, who were not yet dead, kept themselves afloat, but were soon overpowered by numbers, and could not swim off; while several Indians, seeing this, plunged into the river, and dragged them out to the shore.

Castleton still shuddering with horror, expected to see these unfortunate creatures tomahawked, with the rest, but was much relieved, when the crowd gave way a little, to see that they were turned over to an Indian who seemed to be a leader of a doctor.

A considerable booty seemed to be found on board; for these outlaws set up a shout, and began a regular war dance as the boxes were dragged on shore and broken open. The whole of the party had made an agreement with the Indians that they would take possession of only one small box, and would leave all the larger ones, with the remainder of the booty, for every Comanche, to the red men.

Castleton of course understood that this bargain, but paper, as they had pretended, but a vast amount of money, and that it was cunningly not with true to get me out of the way."

"What woman, in Heaven's name!" whispered the stranger eagerly.

"Ada Dare."

"My God! then I fear you are lost; for the men who hold her estate will move Heaven and earth rather than give it up."

"And who are you?" asked Vane.

"My name is Percy—Mathew Percy. But for God's sake do not mention it here, or it will be as much as my life is worth if, as I now suspect, this party have been especially employed for your capture, and, I presume, eventually your murder, unless Providence shall miraculously assist you to escape from them."

"You do not think that you are taken with design then? that you are recognized?" whispered Vane eagerly.

"By heavens, no! Or the tomahawk would have put an end to my life, when the first fire and the river suffered to do so," answered Mathew Percy. "I should be one of the leading witnesses employed for the purpose of exposing the great fraud of Cushing and his border gang, if the girl could only be found."

"What girl?" asked Vane.

"My little sister Ada."

"And have her friends not known where to find her?" questioned Castleton, once more.

"No. It has been thought by some that she was taken off by her father's order to his death, who had his own reasons for remaining here, though he died without accomplishing them; and by others, that she was abducted and murdered by the agents of her half uncle, Malvern Cushing—a monstrous and blood thirsty villain as ever cheated the gallows."

"Do you not know?" questioned Castleton.

"Not I, or those miscreants should have been searching out for me this, I can assure you."

"Thee," whispered Vane, "I can inform you that she lives, and is a prisoner with us here to-day."

"Just heavens, what a fate for the daughter of such parents!" exclaimed Percy, in a tone of genuine commiseration. "Can that be the daughter of Beatrice Dare there before me?"

With unerring intuition he had singled out the right person, as he had also the graceful figure, a few yards in advance of them.

"It is she!" exclaimed Castleton sorrowfully. "She was sent by her father—for what reason I cannot guess—to Kentucky four years ago, where she resided under the care of a distant uncle, John Whitfield, who has but recently died, having employed me to bring her back here and see her rightful."

"It would have been far better for her if she had remained there in penury," replied Matt. Percy seriously, "though it does seem like a crying shame for every one to sit still and allow her to be defrauded out of the handsome inheritance which is hers by law."

"And what, I pray you, is the mystery connected with the life of her mother and father."

"It would require more time than I can possibly spare you to explain all that," answered Percy gravely. "You may know, however, that they were as unfortunate a lady and gentleman as have ever lived and died. They were both innocent as the victims of a devilish plot could ever have been; and yet, at any hour they could both have been convicted of the foulest crimes on record. James Dare lived here in the last hour of his life, with the assassin's knife in his hand, and the villain revenge for which he thirsted as these savages have never done, and it is believed that he fell a victim to them at last. He had found those valuable gold mines on his land, and was about setting to make Malvan Cushing and Bill Whitfield plan their destruction."

"But if they have reason to fear you, as I am sure they have," continued Castleton, curiously "for your life, why have they winked at those whom I was requested to look up—how do you know but that this trap has been laid to get you out of the way also."

"I have not been known, if so more, for knowing to the contrary," answered Percy with a grim smile. "In the first place they are not aware that I am in possession of the facts which I hold; and in the next I did not even know myself that I would arrive at daylight this morning until late last night. There was a little matter of business which I unfortunately concluded to go down to Hardyville and attend to myself; and hence you find me in my present position."

"What then was their motive in attacking you?" asked Vane.

"Ray Staples and Loyd Darch were on that boat," replied Percy regretfully. They had sold out to start East, and were known to have an enormous amount of money with them. It was for the purpose of robbing them, that this white band was formed in part, and these poor savages in to make the attack. They have secured the valuable plunder and know that if any settlement has to be made to the government when these outrages are found out, the whites will be held responsible, as the others are clever enough to remain in the background."

"Ah, there comes the cleverest part of their plan," said Percy indignantly. "They persuade the Indians to keep their prisoners alive, and lead them off into the heart of those wild and inaccessible mountains, from whence, if by chance, one should ever escape, he could never find his way back to inflict punishment on his persecutors if he should try for a life time."

"Then we have in all probability a terrible fate in store for us!"

"Unless we can chance to escape it, Yes. But they are watching us, I see, and we had better be silent or they will suspect us of entering into some secret conspiracy, and will subject us to double vigilance on that account. Do they mean to take all the women with us, I wonder?"

This was a question in which Castleton Vane was more painfully interested than he dared express, and which he had been revolving in his own mind for several hours, without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEPARATION.

The party of which our hero and heroine had thus unwillingly become a part, had been in their possession for nearly five days when those who had taken the lead drew rein and came to a sudden halt upon a small open tumulus that had unexpectantly presented itself, seemingly in the centre of an entirely intricate wood, through which they had been making their way with no inconsiderable difficulty, as there were no roads along which they could expedite their progress.

With the exception of the conversation carried on between Castleton Vane and his companion in misfortune Mathew Percy, there had been but few and brief interruptions to the general silence that seemed to pervade the whole party.

Redd Lacy's wife had grown stolidly indifferent to whatever might befall them, and had neither manifested any anxiety, nor uttered a single lament since morning.

Iola and poor Mrs. Grimshaw had remained side by side, whenever the general fastnesses of the way had not interfered, but they likewise, with brief exceptions, had remained silent. Mrs. Grimshaw, having only now and then given expression to the terror which had taken such absolute possession of her when some new and, as she fancied, alarming developments were being made by their captors.

"Oh! my dear young lady, if we were only back in old Kentuck," she moaned, extending one hand, and clutching Iola nervously by the arm, "all the gold of California should never tempt me to leave it again for what good will all the gold in the world do us, if you are to be murdered for it?"

"Very little, I must confess," replied Iola, almost tempted to smile, "if such is to be our fate, but I am afraid our captors have no intention of being so kind."

"Do you not believe that they are going to murder us?" asked Mrs. Grimshaw, with a shiver. "Why then are they taking us into the very heart of these wild, awful woods ?"

"Why then should they bring us here at all, if their object were only to take our poor pitiful lives?" said Iola, bitterly. "No, no, have no fears, dear Mrs. Grimshaw, on that score; they are reserving us for some other more terrible purpose, or they would not have taken the trouble to bring us so far, when the river would have answered so admirably for our burying place, and the wild growth along the banks have hid our bodies from observation, as effectually as it could be managed here."

"Why what has come over my once timid young mistress, that she can talk in this way?" exclaimed Mrs. Grimshaw disconsolately. "You would think you was only waitin' to show 'em how bravely you could meet death."

"I know of circumstances in which I might be placed, by which death would at once by hailed be welcomed as a positive relief," answered Iola, with a melancholy ring in her voice, and a far away look in her large sad eyes, that awoke a worse pain than any our bodies can bear. "For myself, the nature of suffering which I am enduring is worse, far worse than anything I have yet witnessed. But you, Mrs. Grimshaw, can take courage; for if it is only life that you value, I can assure you they have no idea of depriving you of that."

Emboldened in a measure by this assurance, the old woman took heart until the second halting of the party which we have just described. Then she began again to get aroused, and she caught her mistress once more, nervously by the skirts.

"Oh, for the love of the good Lord, look. I told you how it would be, and they have brought us into this lonely spot to murder us!"

"I pray you compose yourself," answered Iola, somewhat losing patience. "They are going to do something to eat, and I am afraid to drink, for we all have, I fear, been nothing to fear, for there are white men here, who are directing matters."

It was about this stage in their journey that Castleton Vane and his party reached the point in their dialogue, which we have given in the preceding chapter; and the former hearing cautiously towards the latter, asked in a whisper.

"Do you know the man who was wounded and captured with you?"

"Yes."

"Do you think he can be trusted?"

"I do not know—I presume so."

"What is his name?"

"Ed. Williams."

"How long have you known him?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Then, for heaven's sake, if it is not already too late, be cautious," whispered Castleton again. "I saw him looking furtively at us, and conversing in a low tone with one of these white savages a moment since. Does he know who you are?"

"Yes."

"Then I fear you are a lost man. These villains would move heaven and earth to get every witness out of the way."

"They would have shown their wiscom, then, by taking my life at once," answered Percy. "As it is, I may lead them a dance yet."

The party then were dismounted, and commanded their prisoners to do likewise. Castleton sprung to the ground and assisted first the women, and then Percy and Williams, as they were positively ordered by the savages.

Blankets were again spread for Iola and her companions; and the rest threw themselves on the ground, taking care to have their rifles within reach, and drew forth their pipes, after smoking, they called for the whisky, which had been brought from the boats along with them, and began to drink. In the mean time, however, they observed a precaution, which is seldom neglected by Indians, when any vigilance is required. A sufficient number for the safe keeping and guarding of their captives, abstained from this indulgence in spirituous liquors, and kept a watchful eye upon the prisoners. The rest of the band drank to deep intoxication; the white man, Barney Fleet, indulging as freely as the worst of them; indulging, meantime, also, in a minute battle with one of the Indians, that brought quite a knowledge of fencing exercises, he readily overcome.

Some of the rest endeavored to assist their champions; but others interposed in Barney's favor, and shielded him from the fierce clear ing that such treatment as he had received could only be endured by women; and that as he had acted like a man, they demanded that he should be treated as such.

This general hubbub was never to quit the bottle or cask while there was a single draught remaining; but their supply, on the present occasion, was too great; and those who had indulged, being filled to repletion, dropped off like leeches from utter inability to absorb farther.

Vane and the rest of the prisoners had been escorted by their guard out of reach of those who were intoxicated, and were from time to time allowed to indulge in a desultory conversation without interruption. Vane, however, learning prudence at last, when it seemed almost too late, that night might be overheard, cautioned Percy with a glance, not to indulge in remarks of a private nature just at present.

As the former stood, leaning listlessly against a tree, his attention was at last attracted from Iola whom he had been observing with mournful tenderness to the negro York who had shuffled up quite near to him, and turned his white eyes, as the former met here, as if he had something which he supposed might be of importance to communicate; but feared to intrude upon him with a remark until he had been first addressed.

"What is it?" asked Vane at length, with a strong inclination to smile.

"Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, massa?"

"Then I am all attention. Speak out."

"Dey say you lubs de young lady."

"Ah, well. And what of that?" said Vane, growing suddenly interested, and coloring in spite of himself.

"Dey is gwine to take her away!"

"Take her away! How? Where?" he asked eagerly.

"I-o-s-h! Dey's gwine to take her and the ole 'oman off to a country house and marry her to some'en. De whites is goin' to turn back wid her."

"How do you know?" asked Vane in a tumult of anxiety.

"I heard them a tellin' Red Bluff," was the cautious reply. "They's paid him a pile o' money and whiskey, and he's to send for more when he gets you into his village, and don't give you no chance to git out."

"When are they going to start ?"

"They's a-fixin' now. 'Now dey's a comin'. Dis nigger must git."

Glancing eagerly around Vane saw three white men approach Iola, and enter into conversation with her. The thoughts which the negro had suggested, were filling him with the wildest grief and agitation.

The worst form of slavery or tyranous infliction might have been endured with patience could he have been assured of the fact, that the woman he loved, while not absolutely sharing his bonds, might be permitted to appear as an angelic vision before him from day to day; sometimes even to speak to him with assurances of tender interest and sympathy. But to be suddenly told that this being, for whose sake alone he considered life worth preserving, was about to be torn ruthlessly from his side to be subjected to persecutions and dangers, to which his own might be looked upon in the light of luxurious indulgence, and he not able to lift a finger in her defense was more than his proud spirit could brook.

"Better death than such an existence," he muttered passionately. "I will ascertain, and if it be true that they contemplate removing her, I will sell my life in endeavoring to prevent it. She shall find that since my simple existence cannot benefit her I can at least die for her. Would to heaven that these men, Perry and Williams, were not wounded. I would take them with the negro York, and whip out the whole vile clan."

He waited until the men had fallen back from Iola's side once more, and then sauntered boldly up to her.

"Did they tell you of their plan?" he asked, looking at her closely.

"Yes. I am to go with them in half an hour."

"And could you consent? Had you not rather die?" he cried. "Oh! you do not, cannot know their real fate, Iola!"

"Yes. I know all," she answered, mournfully.

"And you think of obeying! Oh! Iola, Iola, is what strange mystery are you involved that you do not determine to die in preference here, at once! Tell me that you prefer death to disgrace, and I will freely give my life in the effort to protect you."

"Hush!" she replied, entreatingly. "It is you who do not know what you are saying. my death would not answer. I must live."

"Live!" he cried, questioningly. "Live, when everything that could make life valuable is torn from you! Live, when you have confessed love to me; to have your liberty taken away, your purity sullied, nay, destroyed, by the chief of a clan of desperadoes like these! Ah, tell me that I can rescue you at any cost, anything but that you do not prefer even death to dishonor!"

His very zeal seemed rent with anguish at the mere thought; and his grief spoke so terribly in his voice that the woman whom he appeared almost overcome by it. Her face had been suffused with the deepest blushes when he alluded to her possible fate, and then died away leaving her pale as death.

"Would to God, since we cannot live together that we might at least be permitted to die together," she murmured, passionately. "But, Castleton, Castleton, the highest object even than our own individual affections for which we must struggle. You have but a few moments in which to nerve yourself. Oh! pray, pray, consider, and live for my sake. I would not ask anything by your side, but a broken heart, for even the means of self destruction would still be taken away from me, and I should be constrained to live on, without the consolation of thinking that I did one friend—ah, yes, let me say it—a lover left, who was secretly waiting every opportunity against a hundred odds to serve me, and who might eventually save me. I swear to you in this solemn hour of parting, by all which we most should hold most dear, that my heart is yours only and forever; and if Fate should deny me the happiness of one day being your wife, I will never be that to any other."

"You swear it!" he cried, joyfully.

"By that heaven before which we must both some day appear!" she repeated, fervently.

"God bless you for this assurance," he murmured passionately. "I could cherish the hope which it inspires in dungeons worse than the Bastile. It would bear me sweet company in the desert. But tell me, you cannot hesitate to live for your injured husband why are they taking you away?"

"With the view alone of securing my fortune."

"And they will secure it by forcibly uniting you in marriage to one of the clique," he answered despairingly.

"Never, never," she replied fervently. "I will indeed die rather than consent to that."

"Have you been told that such is their object?"

"Yes."

"Then," cried Vane, "plead with me no more, I will never see you torn from my side and live."

"Yet you will still have me torn away, and only permitted to think of you as dead," she said reproachfully. "Oh, do not lead me to suppose that I have been so selfish. Think quickly, of what benefit you may be to me living. You will have allies here. You may soon escape. You may follow and rescue me even at the eleventh hour, when the absolute means may accomplish more than you dream of against any combination of her foes."

"But, how am I to follow?" he exclaimed, despairingly, "even if I should achieve the miracle of escaping from here. Where are you going?"

"To my mother?"

"To your mother," he cried aghast. "Ah, then they are going to murder you, for she is dead."

"Hush," replied Iola, softly, "and listen. My mother is not dead, as you have been led to suppose. She is still living, and is the victim of as foul a conspiracy as any by which man or woman was ever betrayed. Accused of crimes of which she is as innocent as you or I, and closely imprisoned, she bids me come, and at last I am going."

"You are dreaming," said Vane wildly. "It is impossible, and this is but some new ruse to beguile you away."

"No no," replied Iola quickly. "Be warned, and listen to me, I know that my mother lives, and that what I have said to her is true. My father's homestead is one mile from Callville, and it is there that she is shut out from the world, living in a cell, and there that you must come to seek me for I will be waiting for you in purity and truth, or dead."

"Oh, the thought is monstrous!" he cried frantically. "It is more than human nature can stand Let me rather perform all that man can do here for your sake, and die at your feet."

"If you love me you will obey my instructions," she answered hurriedly," any woman or child or dumb animal might die for me, it is the province of men to live though it be to suffer, when he is told that by so doing he may benefit the objects of his most tender love. If you would prove yourself worthy of me, live for my sake, fulfil your first obligation and save me. I see they are coming for me. Do not, as you love me, do anything rash or violent. Trust to my discretion, believe in my hope that you may win me at last. You will manage to get away from these savages. that are more than the beasts that perish. God never ordained that a young man of your promise should perish by their hands, or that iniquity such as they are seeking to practice upon me, should thrive. Only trust to Him and something tells me we shall meet again when all these dark shadows that now appal us are removed, and together we may lift our souls in gratitude to Heaven for having preserved us through all. Once more then, as you love me, submit."

She held out her hand to him resolutely, and seizing it eagerly, he pressed it between his own. Then withdrawing it with difficulty she turned towards the men who had halted within a few paces of her, and walked up to him.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then come. The horses are saddled and your escort waiting."

Iola beckoned to Mrs. Grimshaw, and signalled to her that she was about to start on a separate journey from the main body, with an escort of three or four men, and that she, Mrs. Grimshaw, was to accompany her.

"Never! I'll never go," shrieked the old woman. "They may kill me here, where every one will be a witness in the last day of the awful deed; but they'll never get me away. Oh! my dear young lady, don't go as you value your life. They wish to send you and me off that they may murder us, and our cries never be heard by the men who remain behind us. Remember I shall cling in the cars of all to their dying hour. Oh, good sir, if there be any such among you, don't let them kill us. Spare our lives for the love of God! Oh! Al"—

"Stop that infernal noise!" hissed a rough voice in the woman's ear, "or we'll choke the life out of you in good earnest afore you can say 'don't.' Easy, mark me, if there's another whimper from you as Injun shall yank you on the spot. Why didn't we murder you afore, you old fool, if we had any intention o' dain' it, though you may smile as merry fish we did not. Come, now, stow away, and behave like a lamb, or I'll make a lamb of you."

Looking back over the intervening space but quite that her from view, the young lady beheld the dark eyes of her lover fastened in earnest gaze upon her, and with a sigh, mingled in admiration and adieu, she was soon out of sight of all in whose affection she could confide, save that of the helpless old woman, powerless to her way, further and further into a dreadful wilderness, with three desperadoes as ruffians, who would not have hesitated to murder her at the slightest word of command from their leader who had placed himself especially to her protection, and could hold the check-rein of her horse, which had several times manifested a strong inclination to run away off in defiance of all control. But here we must leave them for the present, and take a return to the main body of these outlaws, who had been maintaining a careful watch over Castleton Vane and his companions in misfortune.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A STAGE CARPENTER ACCOMPLISHED.

The Virginia City (Nevada) Chronicle says: Could Dion Boucicault have witnessed the scene scene last evening in the Colleen Bawn, he would have thought it gone ahead of his own. A man was on the stage and was delivering a fiery sermon in deep gutturals of Irish whiskey and been brought up in the police court this morning for being drunk and disorderly. An extensive row happens, even in the most regulated of theatrical companies, and he (still intoxicated in the second act last night was an illustration of the fact. The eyes seem to be the first to withstand it completely, and the nose and lips give way gradual on the same principle. In the second act he was seen to be very much intoxicated indeed, which had several times manifested a strong inclination to lose gravity of its dignity of all control. But here we must leave them for the present, and take a return to the main body of these outlaws, who had been maintaining a careful watch over Castleton Vane and his companions in misfortune.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Horse Bolts a Locomotive.

A horse stood on the track of the New Jersey Central Railroad near Centreville Sunday as an express train was approaching. The whistle was blown long and loud, but the horse budged not an inch. The train was then reversed with a few yards of the animal. The engineer blew his whistle again and shouted and swung his arms frantically. Still the horse remained fixed to the spot. Then the train was started slowly ahead, and was not checked until the cowcatcher almost touched the imperturbable animal, which instead of getting off the track, coolly laid down upon the edge of the cowcatcher. Then the train backed, assisted by several passengers dragged the beast off the track and the train went on.

PIGS AND SNAKES.

A farmer living on the west side of the Ohio river, in walking about his farm, discovered a nest of rattlesnakes in the hollow limb of an old tree, about which were several large pieces of rock lay scattered. Having heard that pigs were hostile to snakes of all kinds, and not caring to attack the nest himself, he thought he would try the experiment that night. He drove several pigs in the vicinity of the snake's nest, and left them to revel. The pigs soon seemed to scent the rattlers, and commenced rooting eagerly about the spot. In an instant half a dozen snakes would come crawling out from their hiding place to attack the intruders, who manifested a wanton disposition to give battle. A snake would coil itself about the height of the back of the pig, shake his rattle, and plunge his fangs into the animal with lightning rapidity. Then and then dart away, pursued by the pig, who dexterously received the sting upon the fleshy part of the jaw. The snake would then die and would be repeated, until the pig got his feet fast upon the snake, when he would deliberately rip the reptile in two with his sharp teeth and devour him. This slaughter continued until all the snakes were destroyed, when the pigs quietly and contentedly, and without any signs of being disturbed, waddled off in search of other provender. The eye witness to this singular contest, which was not without its exciting features declares himself convinced that a pig is impervious to the poisonous bite of any kind of serpent.

Bolted Out of Sight.

"Say, Bill, you're going to get down into the trap she grabbed the rock and got it open and out disappeared; but no sooner was this accomplished than Miss Gay grew sweet the whole

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

"The worst has merits, and the best has flaws."
—GARTH.

What was Lord Verulam? At the most,
A philosophic finger-post,
Who on the verge of science stood
And theorized about the road;
A courtier fawning to obtain
[illegible]
A student to acquire no end,
A lawyer to defame a friend,
A lawyer, politician, scribe,
A judge—but not above a bribe;
In life despised, in death forsaken,
In worth—but overrated Bacon.

What was Will Shakespeare? Poet, sage,
Star of the Elizabethan age,
Honored in life, in death adored,
More than a king, a pope, a lord.
Two hundred years have passed away
And still he rules the stage to-day,
And thousands bow before his shrine,
And hail him as the "Bard Divine,"
And England will his name revere
While Britain lives to Shake a Spear.

PETER PORCUPINE.

Old Pocket's Fancy;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.

BY DARRY [illegible].

The newspapers of a great city were making the most of the day's sensation. That which had occurred was not a very important event, even in the estimation of the reporters who wrote startling captions for their accounts, but it was available for their purposes just then. There had been a double murder and a suicide. The officers were in doubt about it, and this was one of the features which gave the dreadful affair more than usual availability with the reporters. They made the most of it all, and especially of the doubts and mysteries. As far as a great city can move out of its way for a moment in sympathy or curiosity when two human beings have been violently and awfully hurled into the dread hereafter, so far this great city stopped a moment to be sympathetic or curious on that fine June morning.

A young house-carpenter and his wife had been found dead in their dwelling. The woman's skull was fractured by a blow. The man's breast was pierced with a deep wound. The room bore marks of a fierce struggle, but beyond this all was mystery. The worst of those who speculated upon the affair thought that the carpenter had done the double murder with cool intent. Those whose moral natures were only a little better said that the man had killed his wife in a sudden quarrel and then ended his own life in remorse or fear. The best portion of the gossipers refused to put criminality upon either of the poor corpses, and insisted that some unknown hand had done the deed upon both. The circumstances and surroundings were favorable to mystery. The carpenter's house was a small and a very old one, standing upon an alley which was not a thoroughfare. The neighboring dwellings had long ago been removed, and in their places great factories had been built, rising so high on every side that the carpenter's abode seemed like a house set at the bottom of a square walled well. In the heart of the busy city, therefore, the carpenter and his wife, living there alone, had been almost as isolated as if they had dwelt in the depths of a forest. Indeed, the tragedy was not discovered for a day or two. Nobody had missed the dead folks; nobody ever would miss them, probably. An idle boy strolling into the alley saw a dog sniffing at the door of the carpenter's house. The boy peered in at the window where the drawn curtain left a narrow strip of the glass uncovered, and thus discovered the body of the carpenter lying on the floor. The boy ran to the police station of the district with the story. A sergeant was sent to the house, and when he had had a glimpse of the body on the floor through the strip of uncovered window glass, he pried up the sash and thrust the curtain aside. Fully revealed before him then, on the white shirt of the carpenter was the red proclamation to all who came, that life had been loosed by violence.

Little could be learned of the carpenter's family. The owner of the house they occupied was sent for, but he had been suddenly called from home two days before. It made little difference; the landlord would probably know no more than that he received his rent. The grocer around the corner remembered that a little girl had sometimes accompanied the carpenter's wife when she came for his goods. The little girl, a mere child, hardly more than an infant, was not to found in the house. She had disappeared, and no trace of her could be found, though the police searched thoroughly, even dragging an old cistern in the area. Nothing else that was known or supposed to have been in the house was missing. The carpenter was poor, but what he had was apparently undisturbed. Had he been rich, leaving even a presumption that the murderers had gone off with such booty, the interest in the affair would hardly have died out so soon. As it was, the sensation scarcely sufficed the newspapers for a single day. The coroner's jury returned the usual verdict, the other authorities attended to the remaining duties, and the tragedy was quickly forgotten. Not even the mystery of the double murder, the mystery of the missing child, and the mystery of the lack of apparent motive for the awful crime, could save it from oblivion.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

It was not at all surprising that, on the day after the discovery at the carpenter's house, an old man, bent and wrinkled and gray, should pass by the very door and show no sign of interest. Few things seemed to interest him, in fact, and as for the tragedy in the carpenter's house, he had never even heard of it. His eyes and his thoughts, apparently, seldom rose out of the gutters in which he poked about with his cane as he made his slow way along the streets and the by-ways. Bits of coal and wood, scraps of calico and cloth, the refuse of the streets, the old man carefully gathered into his capacious pockets. Day after day he went his accustomed rounds, and toward night he disappeared, no one knew whither. In two or three of his most frequented quarters he was known to the boys as Old Pocket. Whether this designation was bestowed with reference to the wide pockets into which the old man's gatherings went, or whether it was only a corruption of his proper name, which was Parquet, probably the old man never cared to know, as he never noticed the boys' derisive talk. The world was dead to him, evidently, except that part of it which lay in the gutters. Yet Old Pocket had a history as eventful as falls to the lot of most men. A prosperous merchant, well along in life and with abundant means, may find many pleasures to live for. So Old Pocket had found it. A decrepit old man, friendless and poor, has few joys to bind him to the world. So Old Pocket found it now. A reverse in business, a partial recovery, a [illegible] on the long road already over traveled, a tempter in the shape of good-fellowship, the lust of the gaming table and the wreck of wine—these had wrought their work upon Old Pocket, until in his infirm age he belonged to nobody and [illegible] that anybody belonged to him. In truth, it was only a very little body that belonged to Old Pocket, and his title to that [illegible]

loneliness. What it was that caused Old Pocket to forget his habit, must remain a mystery. He stopped and spoke to the little body, but she could say nothing in her tears. Then Old Pocket continued his departure from habit in quite a startling way. He took the waif by the hand and led her off as if she were the choicest treasure he had ever rescued from the gutter. Perhaps she was. At all events, she soon stopped crying and brightened up, and long before they reached the old man's house the two were fast friends, and a ray of sunshine seemed to light up Old Pocket's heart once more.

A BAD WELCOME.

It was a poor home to which the old man took his new treasure, but still its poverty was not its worst feature. Old Pocket lived with his daughter. She had been first Sally Parquet, of course, and then Mrs. Sally Bottell; and now she was Widow Sally Bottell. Whatever may have been the virtues of the maid and the wife, it was painfully evident that the widow retained few of them which were conspicuous. Mrs. Bottell's view of life was simple and her creed brief. In her estimation life was a struggle between washing, by which she got her living, and drinking, in which she also took her pleasure. It was also her opinion that the washing had constantly the best of the struggle. Therefore her brief creed was to make things even by sticking to the drinking as long as possible against the washing. At the time Old Pocket arrived with his new friend, Mrs. Bottell's drinking had just had its turn, and washing was asserting itself as a necessity.

"What's that you got?" she demanded sharply as the old man entered.

"This is a little body I found over to the city," said Old Pocket, the new sunshine warm in his heart. "A nice bowl of bread and milk for the little body, Sally. See! she's tired and hungry!"

"She'll be tireder afore she gits bread and milk here," said Mrs. Bottell, savagely. A new advantage for the washing and a corresponding disadvantage to the drinking, appeared in the old man's demand for eatables. "Durn you?" she continued, as the new difficulty grew upon reflection, "Durn you! hain't you got no sense left? What do you mean by bringin' brats here for me to keep? Ain't it enough for me to work my fingers off for you? Start the brat out of here, or I will!"

Mrs. Bottell actually made a dash at the child, but the old man, tottering as he was, was too quick for her. With upraised shaking hand he stood between the woman and the child. His eyes glittered and his voice was tremulous with fury rather than age.

"Don't you do it! Don't you dare!" he cried, shaking his shrivelled fist in his daughter's face.

Mrs. Bottell, being in the nervous stage of recovery from her debauch, was not in condition for a quarrel. Beside, she was astonished at an exhibition of angry will which she had never before seen in the old man. The child began to cry in a scared way. The old man took her tenderly by the hand.

"Here, my little body," he said, "come into my own room. No one can hurt you there."

He soothed her quickly, and having done that, returned to Mrs. Bottell.

"Don't you never dare to talk that way about my little body!" he exclaimed to that astonished person. "Don't you never dare, or it'll be worse for you."

Mrs. Bottell's subjugation continued, and Old Pocket was allowed to prepare with his own hands the little body's supper. Indeed, from that time forth, he took full charge of the child, unaided but unmolested. Mrs. Bottell had a wholesome doubt of the old man's temper and what it might lead to.

A NEW THEOLOGY.

No inquiries for the child reached Old Pocket. It was as if the ray of sunshine had descended into the old man's life straight from heaven, belonging, like all God's sunshine, to him upon whom it fell. She could not renew Old Pocket's wasted manhood, but she brightened his second childhood wonderfully, and developed it almost into early youth. He shortened his daily visits to the city, and at other times they were always together. The child found little sympathy besides the old man's. Mrs. Bottell's two or three familiars were enlisted more or less devotedly in her crusade against washing and kindred pursuits. At first, they shared that person's strong disfavor toward the child, and manifested it by calling her Old Pocket's Brat. Gradually they were softened by the unselfish affection which they could see but could not understand in the light of their own hard lives; and then they called the child Old Pocket's Young 'Un. Under the continued influence and mystery of that affection, even the latter designation was at last discarded, and the appellation of Old Pocket's Fancy was substituted for it. This was as far as they could go; Old Pocket's Fancy was not disrespectful nor contemptuous, but it was strictly non-committal. It got rid of the mystery, too, by making it simply the old man's fancy. As there is no accounting for tastes, so no one can be expected to explain fancies.

The old man's home was hardly the best place in the world in which to rear a child. This is apparent from what has been said already, but there were objections other than those stated. For instance, it is to be feared that Old Pocket's religious instructions would scarcely bear the orthodox test. He brought the child one day a wonderful treasure—nothing less than a worn-out doll with a china head, a sawdust-stuffed body, and wooden legs and arms. She was in raptures as she alternately hugged and kissed the poor toy.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, "my dolly!" And then she wanted to know "Ware tum fum?"

"Come from Heaven, I guess—like you," replied Old Pocket, as pleased as the child. But this answer opened up thenceforth a new subject, for which the little body developed a great fondness, never tiring of hearing the old man's talk about it. The result was that the child soon had some ideas not quite orthodox, concerning the supposed place of her doll's nativity. A great white house, full of all pretty and good things, was a principal feature of the heaven which Old Pocket constructed. And finally, when the little body pressed him upon the question which has vexed the world for ages, "Ow dit yare?" in one sublime flight Old Pocket brushed away the mysteries and doubts which have bothered countless theologians, and declared that good folks went to heaven by a green shaded path which led to a white stairway, where angels with wings stood ready to lead them up.

The days went peacefully and happily with the old man and his little charge. He was, and he was not, a child again with her—a child in sympathy, and yet a little more than a child in understanding. His world was hers—no wider, no more complex. Their simple heaven was alike to both. Their sympathy was perfect. The years of youth and manhood had dropped out of the old man's mind with all their disappointed hopes and bitterness and wrong. No ill will to any man was in his heart; his injuries were forgotten.

THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY.

But the time came when even the Arcadia of Old Pocket and Old Pocket's Fancy must be invaded. A great manufacturing enterprise was to [illegible]

ment. A hard featured, purple faced man, upon whose visage much of the cunning and more of the bad passions of the world had left a sign. His eyes were dull, though restless, and they seemed never to be fully open—rather like half-veiled windows from which a soul looked out which feared to be discovered. This man was the principal, evidently; his companion was younger, and appeared, as the other did not, too cunning to let even his passions get the better of him.

"These lots are worth looking up," said the purple faced man. "Get out and ask who their landlord is!" But, before the other could alight, he added: "Hold on! I'll go myself."

The outer door of Mrs. Bottell's house stood open. The mistress was absent, and the first room therefore unoccupied. The man rapped loudly upon the open door, but there was no answer, though from the inner room the knocker heard voices—a child's and an old man's, in playful talk. He rapped again. Those within were too busy to heed it. The purple-faced man stepped impatiently across the room to the inner door, and threw it open.

The child—Old Pocket's Fancy—screamed with fright at the sudden appearance of the forbidding figure in the doorway. Old Pocket himself, as if transfixed with surprise and terror, stood with starting eyes and upraised hands after he had tottered to his feet. A wonderful change came over the hard man in the doorway, too. His purple face blanched to a tawny brown. For once his eyes were fully open, and out of them glared a soul in mortal fear. He trembled more violently than the old man before him. He seemed to be trying to utter words which choked him.

"That's not her!" he exclaimed at length, struggling with his utterance. "That's not her, you old devil? It's a cheat and a fraud! She's dead! Give up that game, now. It won't work. It's not her. Give it up, I say, or, by —— I'll not play fair this time. 'Twas all fair before between man and man. If you'd won I'd never set up a job like this on you. Give her up—it's not her."

The man was glaring all the while at Old Pocket's Fancy, as if unable to withdraw his eyes from that which terrified him. The old man seemed to recover from his torpor of surprise as he comprehended a menace of some kind to the child. His old quiet and his childish happiness were gone; his rough struggle with the evil things of the world, and his cruel wrongs, were back upon him in his awakening, as he looked on the impersonation of the evil things and the wrongs in the figure at the door.

"Aye, I know you, John Murdrick!" cried the old man. "Give her up, will I? You got everything I had, and now you're after her. But you shan't have her. No! for I'll kill you first!"

Keeping his eyes still fixed upon the man in the doorway, as the latter kept his gaze steadfastly upon the child, the old man groped with one hand upon a table at his side until he clutched a long, sharp-pointed case-knife which lay there.

"Yes, I'll kill you first!" cried Old Pocket as he staggered toward the doorway, the knife in his lifted hand. Still the man stood there, glaring upon the child as if under a fascination he could not resist. The glimmer of the weapon as it descended toward his breast, caught his eye and broke the spell. With a quick outcry he threw up his arm to intercept the blow, and turned and fled from the house. Springing into his buggy and snatching reins and whip from his astonished companion, he lashed the horse into a run and the buggy bounded along the roadway and disappeared in the direction of the city.

A SUPERIOR CALL.

The great manufacturing enterprise which was to build a new city in the suburb went on apace, but it brought no more visitors to Old Pocket's home. John Murdrick did not return to look after the lots, nor to renew the old man's fears by designs upon the child. Perhaps he was content to possess for the time what he took from the old man in fair play as he claimed, without carrying out his threat of foul play in the future. At all events, so far as Old Pocket knew, the man who had ruined him in gaming troubled him no further in the possession of the child. The old man was frequently apprehensive, however, and perhaps his happiness was never fully restored.

The long summer and the pleasant autumn passed, and the stormy days came when Old Pocket could no longer go on his rounds in the city. At last it happened that there was something beside the stormy weather to keep him at home. Old Pocket's Fancy fell sick; not violently at first, but failing so gradually that the old man's fears were hardly aroused when the child finally kept her bed through all the day. Patiently he watched beside her while she slept, and when she awoke he was ready with some of her simple toys or with a story remembered from his childhood. She grew fonder of the old man's talk about the green shaded path and the white stairway where the angels waited. She was already treading the green path and perhaps some half-recognized familiarity in the old man's rude pictures made them dearer to her. A little locket which hung from her neck within her dress when Old Pocket found her, she had worn so ever since. When the old man opened this for her, as he was frequently asked to do when she could only lie in bed all day, she repeated words evidently taught her long ago in her lost home: "My papa." The locket contained only a lock of hair lying upon a bit of folded paper.

The green shaded path which Old Pocket's Fancy was treading led her along peacefully and with very little pain for many days—a week, a month perhaps, with such a gradual change that her faithful watcher saw no change at all. As her strength failed almost imperceptibly the path grew easier and the spirit sped faster as the body weakened. A long and a pleasant path it was, and she passed over it unconsciously in quiet sleep or in Old Pocket's happy companionship. The old man did not dream that she was going from him day by day. But one night the little soul came to a sudden turn in the green shaded path. Before her rose the white stairway, and there the angels waited.

"Oh! tate me up! tate me up!" she said, her soul full of the beauties bursting upon its opening vision.

Old Pocket raised the little wasted body from the couch, and out of his hands the waiting angels lifted her to heaven.

AN INEXPENSIVE BURIAL.

A cold and steady rain made the day following the death of Old Pocket's Fancy a dreary one to all except the old man. The sorrow in his heart shut out all notice of outward things, save as they pertained to the dead child. He suffered no one to touch the little body, but with his own hands he prepared and laid it in its poor coffin. When the neighbors, attracted by the grand mystery of death, came in to look at the child, the old man stood silently by, save when some of them made attempts at consolation, or offered sympathy in kind remarks about the dead. "A purty child it was!" one or two said, and the old man replied simply, "Thank ye, mem."

When the hour for burial came, Old Pocket closed the little coffin, put his coat over it that the rain might not beat too close to the dear clay, and carried it to the cemetery of the suburb. Three or four women braved the storm to follow him. The sexton's man stood ready to fill the grave, when the coffin had been lowered, but Old Pocket took the spade and did the duty himself. When the last earth had been heaped above the grave, and the little mound smoothed carefully, the old man returned the spade to the sexton's man, and said:

"Thank ye, sir; and thank ye, all." This was to dismiss the waiting women as well as the sexton's man. They turned and walked away, but looking back soon, observed that Old Pocket was still standing at the foot of the little grave. One of them returned to gently urge him to go home. "Thank ye, mem," he said; "never mind me." Then when she would have urged him further, he turned to her with such mute supplication in his face and gesture that she forbore and turned and left him.

PROVOKING VENGEANCE.

John Murdrick and his shrewder-looking companion were once more on the way to Mrs. Bottell's house, in their buggy. It was the day after the burial of Old Pocket's Fancy. Murdrick was driving, and their destination was evidently unsuspected by the younger man until they were in the suburb. Then he suddenly spoke.

"I say, Murdrick," said he, "what the deuce? Why, this is the road to that old chap's house. Thought you'd done with him."

"It's odds. I have," replied Murdrick.

"Well, I won't ask what we're going there for, then. But if we're to come away in such a hurry as the other time, give a fellow notice beforehand, won't you?"

"Let up on that, now!" said Murdrick savagely.

"Oh! all right," said the other. "I don't want to talk about it. I haven't asked you to go back there, and you didn't say where we were going when we started. If you had, maybe I wouldn't be along. Whatever the lay is, I don't fancy it."

"No," said Murdrick, as if he had not heard the latter part of his companion's remarks. "No, you haven't asked me to go back there. Nobody has. I don't know exactly why I'm going there. Satisfaction, perhaps." He turned his dull eyes uneasily toward his companion. Apparently he did not want to talk about it, and yet he could not help talking, any more than he could help going to the place he hated. "You see, Sheets," he continued, "there's satisfaction in knowing that a game that's been set up on you is busted. You think there's a great mystery about this, now—don't you?"

"I never said what I thought about it," said Sheets.

"You never said what you thought about it. No, you didn't! You're devilish sly, ain't you?" said Murdrick, with growing ill temper.

"Come, now," retorted Sheets; "don't pitch on a fellow that way. I never said anything about it and I don't care anything about it. It's none o' my business."

Murdrick was mollified. "That's so," he said. "It's none o' your business, nor anybody else's. That's right. I'm glad to hear you say it. I hate a friend you can't trust—always prying into things he can't understand. Now," continued Murdrick, utterly unable to drop the subject when he had a chance, "now there wasn't anything mysterious about the thing. Something come over me that day in a curious way. There was an old man and a young one there—a girl, I believe, I didn't notice—it was nothing to me. The old man used to put up on cards when he was a gentleman—I lost sight of him when he got degraded—and he had a crazy grudge against me, I believe. I couldn't account for it," continued the liar, as unable to tell the truth as he was to stop talking about the one subject which filled his mind. "I couldn't account for it; and then it struck me that the young one he had looked like a woman that—a woman that died—"

"Killed, p'raps," said Sheets carelessly.

"You lie! you ——" exclaimed Murdrich, his face livid with rage and fear.

"By a railway accident, or a steamboat explosion," added Sheets before his companion could utter the words that were choking him.

Murdrick cooled down more slowly this time, but finally resumed: "Yes, they said it was carelessness—called it killing. But I don't like that. It sounds as if there was something—something foul about it, you know. Makes me touchy, you see, because if there had been any foul about it, I'd a ferreted it out. But there wasn't. Well, when I saw this fool of an old man, that couldn't take his square losses like a gentleman—when I saw him bringing up that woman's face against me——"

"I thought you said it was a child," said Sheets, coolly.

"It was a child!" Murdrick burst out in fury. "Who says it was her face? It was a child—a fraud and a cheat!"

"Yes, so you said," replied Sheets.

Murdrick's mind dropped back into the old, old rut from which nothing could now keep it long. "Yes. When I saw that that game was set up on me by that old devil, I told him it wouldn't work. He struck at me with a knife—he'd 'a' been a murderer, if I hadn't dodged. It makes me shudder." Murdrick did shudder as he recalled the scene. "I've had 'em watched," he went on, "and this morning I got word that the young 'un was dead. Ha! ha! dead! But I want to see for myself," he added, as if talking to himself; "and so I've come over here again."

The buggy reached Mrs. Bottell's house, and Murdrick was about to alight, when he checked himself. "I was a fool to go in there before," he said. "Sheets, go and ask if the old man's young 'un is dead." Sheets did as he was bid, and reappeared saying the child was dead and the old man gone. Murdrick leaped from his buggy. He could not resist the craving for more evidence of what there could be no doubt about. "Dead an' buried," was Mrs. Bottell's gruff report. Her washing spell was on, and she was unamiable. Murdrick put the price of two weeks' washing in her hand, and kept her loosened tongue busy for a half hour in answering questions about the death and burial, with which he plied her on every minute detail. He could not be sated with such excellent information.

THE END OF IT ALL.

The cross-questioning was still going on when a boy entered with startling news. Old Pocket was found dead in the cemetery. Murdrick sprang to his feet. He had but one question for the boy. "Sure he's dead?" he demanded, shaking the boy in his eagerness. "Deader'n a stone," said the boy sullenly. Murdrick rushed from the house, dragging his companion with him. This was too good. Both dead! All clear now! But he must see it—he could even put his hands upon the cold flesh to feel that it was dead—dead—dead! Sheets was obliged to check him constantly as he urged his horse to unusual speed on the road to the cemetery. They reached the place simultaneously with a lieutenant of police and two or three of his men, come to take charge of the body. There it was, and Murdrick could see for himself. Stretched across the little grave was Old Pocket's corpse, upon which the night's rain had pitilessly beaten. Why did John Murdrick stay until the lieutenant took from the dead man's outstretched hand a little locket, in which he found a bit of hair and a written paper?

The lieutenant unfolded the paper and began to read it. Then he stopped, called up one of his men and whispered some command. The man turned quietly away and placed himself between the party at the grave and the entrance to the grounds, where Murdrick's horse was tied. The lieutenant read on to the end of the paper. This is what he read, written with a pencil and in straggling lines:

JUNE 12.

I, James Shallon, say I am dying, and John Murdrick is my murderer, also my wife's murderer. Also I was out to-night till [illegible] and come in hearin my wife screekin. Also I found said Murdrick a turnin from my wife, she a layin on the bed dead but I didn't Kno it then. Also I tinched said Murdrick and he stabbed me in the breast, also hurt me in the back, because my legs and body is useless, only arms can move. Also I have yelled for help but no one to hear me. Also I am fillin' up slowly inside and will die soon. Also, it is morning now and I put this in my childs locket inside of her dress so it won't be taken from her on the street by boys or such. Also I send my little girl out because she is too little to understand and would stay here and starve. Also I told her to go down the street and when she gets there she can't find the way back and some one pick her up and it will be nown how we died.

This my last word, John Murdrick done it. He is my landlord.

JAMES SHALLON.

Ah! that Deathless Vengeance. When the law's trained avengers were foiled, entrusted to the very helplessness of Old Pocket's Fancy—and yet sure, inevitable in the end!

OAKEY HALL'S "SUICIDE" ARTICLE.

The Buffalo Express of the 18th says: Miss Ida Louise Hawley, a young lady aged twenty years, the daughter of J. B. Hawley, of Hornellsville, left her father's residence last Sunday night and committed suicide by drowning herself into the Canisteo river. The Hornellsville Times says:

This is one of the most remarkable cases of suicide that ever occurred in Hornellsville. Miss Hawley was a young lady of prepossessing appearance and good attainments. Shut out from society to a great extent by the malady of deafness, she lived in a world of her own creation. With a love for literature and art, she read works far above the average standing of books generally selected by young ladies, such as of the different schools of metaphysics. Such books sharpened her faculties for investigation and theorizing, and finding in one of the newspapers an article written by Oakey Hall, entitled "The Suicide Crop," which made a burlesque of this awful crime, Miss Hawley set about the task of treating the subject from a different standpoint. In an essay, entitled "The Philosophy of Suicide," which she wrote and submitted to her friends—simply as a literary effort, as she would have them believe—there is undoubtedly allusion to her own infirmity in life when she uses these words: "Who does not pity the poor, disease-laden being who, through no fault of his immediate self, but through helpless inheritance of birth, suffers mental hampering all his life from the ills that degrade his physical part." This essay, together with a letter explaining her motive for taking her life, both of which were left pinned together on the bureau in her room, furnish the cause which impelled her to commit such a rash act. For prudential reasons, as regards the public, we do not publish the essay. It was Oakey Hall's newspaper article which she declares "prompted," though not "shaped" her essay, and we have no doubt that this was the beginning of a train of reasoning from false premises which led her on, step by step, to the awful act of self-destruction. The following is the note written by her on Sunday, a few hours befor her death:

WHY I COMMIT SUICIDE.

"The cause is not mortification or disappointment, dread of the future or ill health or lack of friends or want. I am young—twenty—healthy. I have had always friends—never enemies. I never have known lack of food or clothing or love. The cause then arises from a deep-seated conviction that this life is not worth living, for the prospect of a life beyond the world, which this is but a preparation for, is too vague and chimerical to make the aspirations unfilled—the struggles undeserved which the best of mankind must need experience (and the best most) worth the repetition by each individual. I hold that the life of every person belongs to them to keep or destroy, as they deem best, and it is my will to destroy mine."

THE STORY TWO WOMEN TELL.

About two weeks ago a Frenchman named Jacques Cahier moved into the tenement-house 116 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City with his wife Leonie and several children. They kept very much to themselves, as none of them spoke English well and the father hardly at all. On the evening of the 13th instant, Mrs Mary Calhoun and her daughter, Mrs. Jacobus, who lived on the same floor as the French family, were startled by Cahier's coming into their room and crying, "My wife is dead! My wife is dead!" The two women tell a very curious story of what happened after this, and stick to it with great pertinacity.

Mrs. Calhoun says that she accompanied Cahier back to his room and found Leonie lying on the bed apparently dead. While she was looking at the corpse she asserts positively that she saw Leonie open and shut her eyes several times and also saw the toes of the left foot move convulsively. She went back to her room for her daughter and brought her into the room. There Mrs. Jacobus also asserts that she saw Leonie move, and furthermore, that she felt her breast and found it warm, and that she held a mirror over her lips, and when she took it away there was moisture on it. Mrs. Calhoun supplements this by saying that she felt wind from the woman's nostrils when she put her hand there. Mrs. Calhoun told a reporter that she had shown the body to some of the neighbors and they had witnessed the same strange occurrences, but she could not give the names of any last night.

The next morning M. Cahier engaged the services of an undertaker, and the body was kept for two days on ice. It was examined by the County Physician, who pronounced life extict and granted a burial permit. The burial took place three days after the death.

The strange part of this story is contradicted by most of the inmates of the house excepting Mrs. Calhoun and her daughter. The lady who lives on the first floor, front, was especially emphatic in her assertions that it was "all old women's talk." She had seen the dead body, and considered that it was very dead. Every one gave testimony to the absence of all quarrels between Leonie and her husband.

Dr. Converse, the County Physician, ridiculed the idea of there being anything at all in the story. "The woman died of apoplexy," said he, "as her mother did before her. I examined the body, and it was most decidedly a corpse. As for the stories of quarrels between the man and his wife, they are all bosh. I don't think that I ever saw a more affectionate man. They had a large family; one of the children, a girl, is blind, and is in an asylum in France. The mother had been getting ready for some time to go over to see her. It's a most absurd story.

TOO BRUTAL TO BE TRUE.

From the Baltimore American, May 21.

TOWSONTOWN, May 20.—Some gentlemen from the Fifth district state that a rumor has gained credence in that section to the effect that a man named Staples, residing in said district, about two weeks ago buried alive a young female who was in his employ, and whom he had procured from a charitable or reformatory institution. The story goes that the girl was being buried in the presence of Staples, a negro, Mrs. Staples and two other ladies, and when the coffin, which had been rudely constructed of pine boards by Staples himself, was lowered to the grave the two ladies heard a voice from the coffin cry out, "Oh, Lord." They remonstrated against the burial being proceeded with, but without effect. They communicated the matter to their friends, and the next day the corpse was exhumed. The body was turned, the arms were abraded and blood had issued from the nose, while the hands were clutched in the hair. The matter was communicated to the State's attorney, Mr. Spencer, some ten days ago by Messrs. Zouck and Levi Bosley. A few days prior to the communication of this information, and directly after the corpse was exhumed, Staples himself was before the State's attorney complaining that the grave of the girl had been desecrated and desiring the parties to be prosecuted. There were also rumors of criminal intimacy on the part of Staples with the girl. The matter will be fully investigated by the Grand Jury, [illegible]

The Russian Faith.

Of that form of Christianity which prevails in Russia, towards which so many Anglican eyes look indulgently if not longingly, an eminent English writer draws a gloomy picture. The Russian Church has rendered most important services to the State. It cheered the sinking hearts of the Moscow princes during the depressing period of Tartar domination. It held together the almost broken nation when its Western foes appeared to be finally victorious, and it instigated the national uprising which drove them out of liberated Russia. But it has never interefered in defence of the people against home tyrants; it did nothing during long centuries of slavery to loosen the bonds of the serfs; it has ever been absolutely without force as a moral agent, as a means of purifying the life, of restraining the passions, of elevating the thoughts, of ennobling the feelings, of the many millions who form its flock. At its head stands the Emperor, who is the defender of its dogmas and the mainspring of its administration. For all ecclesiastical business is is transacted by the Holy Synod, the council which Peter the Great substituted for the abolished Patriarchate, 'the members of which are appointed and dismissed by the Emperor as he thinks fit,' the resolutions of which 'require the consent of the Procureur, a layman nominated by his Majesty.' Each province or government forms a diocese, ruled in ecclesiastical matters by a bishop; and his power is theoretically but not practically controlled by a consistorial council, whose members enjoy the worst possible reputation. The bishops are always taken from among the monks, or 'Black Clergy, who hold the entire ecclesiastical administration in their hands. At first the Russian monks were pious, ascetic men, who despised worldly wealth, and labored for their livelihood. But they soon changed their ideas, and became such grasping 'askers,' and at the same time such shrewd traders, that 'it is said that at the beginning of the last century more than a fourth of the entire population had fallen under the jurisdiction of the Church.' Later on the Church lands were secularized, and the Church serfs became serfs of the Crown. But although this was a great blow to the monasteries, they have long ago recovered from it, and there are now about 500 of them in a most flourishing state, enjoying an income valued at about a million of our money, and possessing funded property and treasures of bullion and gems estimated at many millions. No such patronage of learning or of the arts has ever distinguished them as has reflected honor on their brethren of the Western Church.

"As the shepherd is, so are his sheep," is a proverb which is current in Russia as well as elsewhere. And like to the lethargic formalism of the Russian priest's religion is that of his spiritual flock; only the religious ideas of the peasants, while they are no more elevated and heart-stirring than those of their pastor, are considerably modified by the remains of the old heathenism of the land. "Of theology, and of what Protestants term the "inner" life, says Mr. Wallace, "the Russian peasant has no conception." The ceremonial part of religion is all he cares about. He has an unbounded and childlike confidence in the efficacy of the rites of the Church, and he believes implicitly in the Icon, or holy picture, which hangs up on his wall; still more in that of the "miraculous" Icon which is preserved in some neighboring church or monastery. It is by the sanction given to these 'wonder-working' pictures that the Russian Church is most unfavorably distinguished. No mere symbol is the 'Miraculous Icon,' intended only to assist the imagination and concentrate the attention of the worshipper. It is, at all events in the eyes of the pepole, something to be in itself worshipped, not on account of the sacred Being whom it depicts, but because it is personally capable of conferring temporal goods, of warding off evils, of curing illness. Such pictures are supposed to have been 'not made with hands.' Their existence is revealed in a vision, generally to an ecclesiastical personage. Going to the spot about which he has dreamt, he finds a Miraculous Icon, 'sometimes buried, sometimes hanging on a tree.' The news spreads like wildfire through the district, crowds flock together to prostrate themselves before the picture, cures are wrought at wholesale, and at length the whole affair is officially reported to the Holy Synod. An inquiry takes place, something akin to the process which precede the canonization of a saint in the Latin Church, and at last, if the evidence prove satisfactory, the picture—which of course has been painted and concealed by some hand quite destitute of any claim to reverence—'is treated with the greatest veneration, and is sure to be visited by pilgrims from from far and near.' Many districts of Russia, indeed, are perpetually being trodden by the feet of pilgrims from all parts of the Empire, who are fulfilling vows, or endeavouring to gain the assistance of some local saint. Very picturesque, and at a distance poetic; are the groups of these pious nomads who dot the dreary roads, or lend a touch of color to the forest shades, or at the time of certain feats give to the courts of the great monasteries the appearance of places devoted to a market or a fair. But under all this outword garb of religion no spiritual life exist.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

The traveler who desires to see the Mohammedan at home cannot do better than to seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Through all the tyranny of the Turks he has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, the watered roads, the rows of villas have a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be.

Here a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white capote, carries loads of green clover or long fagots of sugar cane. There, half a dozen blue gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks around with no clothing on his long lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous draperies rides by a donkey, her face covered with a transparent white veil, and her knees nearly as high as her chin. A bullock cart with small wheels, which creak horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of treakle jars. Hundreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare, myriads of half-clothed children play lazily in the gutters. Turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide short trousers, shout to clear the way, for a carriage, in which, behind half-drawn veils, some fine lady of the vice-regal harem takes the air. She is accompanied, perhaps, by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse, whose bonnet and French costume contrasts strangely with the veiled figure opposite.

A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried astride on the shoulder, or sometimes in the basket so carefully balanced upon the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked, and its eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharoahs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes were much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them; for the streets are narrow, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hindbad, the porter, with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water carrier, clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.

Bloodthirstiness of the Crab.

By observations made at the New York Aquarium it has been discovered that the hermit crab possesses more intelligence than it has generally been given credit for. The following incident not only illustrates this, but shows that the crab is an animal of prey: One day a good-sized Lafayette fish was seen with one of these small crabs clinging to its gills. The fish jumped, struggled violently and shook itself to rid itself of its tenacious enemy. The crab would not let go. The fish grew gradually weaker until its struggles ceased, and it sank to the bottom of the tank. [illegible]

FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING COWS FAT.—[illegible]

CARE OF HORSES' FEET.—[illegible]

[illegible]

BLACKBERRIES.—[illegible]

FEED [illegible]

RYE BRAN FOR CALVES.—[illegible] "I have never known a calf so do well [illegible] that was [illegible] during the first winter. Rye or bran is [illegible] and that [illegible] for your calves." [illegible]

THE JOKE REVERSED.

A very good story is circulating among the men about town, says a St. Louis paper, at the expense of one of their number. The story is to the effect that two middle-aged gentlemen engaged [illegible]

AN ORIENTAL ESCULAPIUS.

Mr. Oscanyan, in his book, The Sultan and His People, tells the following anecdote of a Turkish physician whose prescriptions and method of treatment will interest physicians everywhere: [illegible]

THE ENCHANTED SPRING.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

When they again came down the transformed Jessie was sitting at the door, calm and quiet, in a pretty neat tablet, asking why breakfast was not ready. "You only went out then," said Aunt Mary. "I have had enough to do to manage this wicked child."

"You did get why her hard enough," said she whom we shall hear call Phoebe. "I give me the whip." "Ah!" thought the miserable child, "that is just the way I used to treat her; how wicked I have been!" but she was not ashamed again, for she hurriedly set about preparing the breakfast.

It was now the transformed Phoebe's hands that performed all the drudgery of the house, all the scrubbing and mending, her own that bore the heavy water pitcher from the spring, and all the ills that had been heaped upon the defenceless Jessie's head, became her portion. Jessie in her new condition as Phoebe, was kind, and amiable to all except poor wretched Phoebe, to whom a feeling for which she could not account, made her ever rude and cruel, beating her sometimes with many blows.

The counterfeit Jessie soon shook her work with a rather look upon those who had witnessed all its loveliness. Indeed the possession of the so long coveted beauty no longer possessed any charm for this miserable girl. She was always ill-natured and cross, and it was only the fear of punishment that kept her from outbreaks. Strange to say, the spring had no longer any terrors for her. On the contrary, she often took refuge there from the storms and chidings at home, and at the close of a day in which she had endured more hardships than usual, she threw herself down at the bank, cried bitter tears, bewailing her sad fate and repenting bootily of all the evil she had done to Jessie, because she felt oneself her sufferings had come from that source alone.

Nor it happened that near where the child was lying, a group of lilies raised their graceful heads, and in the cup of one, the largest and most delicate of the queens of the fairies, enjoying the gentle swaying of the flower as the evening breeze passed over it, she heard the complainings of the girl, and hoping in her heart she might be of help to her, almost that had been inflicted upon her, once more assumed the form of a feeble old woman, and approaching the penitent child, asked her for a cup of water to refresh her after her long walk. The old woman's appearance at first, when once more imprisoned by the old lady, this wicked child caught up handful of the pretty flowers and hurled them at her with all his strength, telling her to be off, for she was not going to trouble herself about such an old creature as she. Then the fairy became angry; immediately she drowns the child but into pain and grief, the wind blew violently, the air became darkened, the spring began to boil, and from its midst crept out great reptiles, disgusting snakes and lizards, which pursued the child so she ran screaming home, her countenance distorted with horror that she could scarcely be recognized.

Finding that all her efforts to restore Jessie's happiness had proved abortive, and that she had only succeeded in changing the condition still worse, the good fairy's heart was grieved. She summoned her subjects around her, and said:

"The time has now arrived when we must once more take up the fortunes of our Briarwood child. It has long been known to me that her father still lives. The ship in which he was returning after his long absence was wrecked, and of the whole crew he alone was saved. Rumor carried him the sad intelligence of the death of his wife and little daughter. In despair he sought a home, hundreds of miles away, where he still lives, an inconsolable mourner over his lost treasures. Thou, Elida, fairy of the swift wing, shalt seek him out. Whisper in his ear as he sleeps fond memories of his child; touch his lips lightly as he awakes with dreams of her, and increase in his heart desires for her presence, and then return hither. We will restore to him his child, and Jessie will be happy in her father's love. Now you will away. There is a slight movement in the air, a sound like that caused by the flight of innumerable humming birds, succeeded by an unbroken silence.

After her fright, the transformed Phoebe laid sleep, but not refreshing sleep. Jessie, still wearing her form, having lost all ill-feeling towards her, became her faithful nurse, and was scarcely ever absent from her side; thus when passed away until Jessie's strength was exhausted. Retiring early to bed one night, in order to prepare herself, by rest, for the fatigue of the next day's nursing, she was soon lost in sleep, when by her side the fairy Golden Hair stood, a thing never before seen by mortal. In the morning the bed was empty, and the child gone. They sought for her far and near, but she was never found by them again.

Answering, as she did, over this strange occurrence, for Aunt Mary turned her daughter, and of course she believed it was Phoebe who vanished; she began to feel pity for the sick child, and as she found it necessary, now, that she herself should become her nurse, she at once set herself about it. Having prepared a bowl of gruel, she was about administering it to her, bubbling the spoon ready filled in her hand; she was astonished with amazement to see that a change was passing over the child's countenance. In the space of a moment all traces of Jessie had disappeared, and Phoebe, once more, in her own form, laid before her.

And now Jessie, restored to her kind, transported thither as she slept by Golden Hair and her attendants; all housewives gone forever; wrapped in a robe of shining stuff, stiff sleeping on a bed of soft moss and white cotton covers, a mild perfume floating through the chamber, and gentle sylphs fanning the slumbering child, the fairy queen smiled as she said to her attendants:

"We will now bestow upon her our gifts. Mine shall be a deeper blue in the eyes almost filled out with weeping."

Other fairies now approached, bearing baskets of flowers, and as they strewed them over the child's head lilies for the skin embowered with ivory in the hot sun."

Last of all came Golden Hair, who, with a touch of her wand, rolled all the lost beauty of her flowing locks, which fell around her in a shower of shining curls.

When Jessie awakened from her long sleep her she was resting in her father's arms. All former sorrow had gone from her memory forever, and her life henceforth was one long day of happiness.

Like many months Phoebe recovered from her sickness, and with returning health became a better and wiser girl. The strange disappearance of Jessie gave her much uneasiness, as she felt sure the evil spirits of the spring had had to do with it, and she ever after lived in fear of the child being carried off by the same power that had formerly carried away her friendless sister once more to visit the place where she had first seen her. But the "demon" The only token was

broken, a dry and barren spot marked the place where the mossy bank with its beautiful flowers had flourished, the great branching tree was dead, and desolation brooded over the once beautiful spot.

The mystery that enveloped the disappearance of Jessie never was unveiled to them, and to this day a legend is told and believed by all the country round, that she was spirited away by the fairies, and was long afterward their reigning queen.

THE END.

Some Tyrolean Superstitions.

In every country in Europe are still cherished legends, signs or charms, though they shrink from the garish light of modern days and ways, and, from having been once fondly believed in jealous and hell, are now forced to hide themselves in the hearts of the peasantry. From these hearts, which have failed round them hardness, it is pretty to be a difficult matter to draw them forth; for the peasant feels that these things, to him so sacred, are to others only the superstitions of a darker age. But, by whatever harsh name we may call them, we cannot afford to lose these scuffs of a time when faith was not a shadow almost hopelessly pursued, but an actual possession.

Perhaps no people is richer in legendary lore than the peasantry of the German Tyrol, owing to some more truly fervent, though they mingle the traditions of saints and angels with the older traditions of fairies, water-nymphs and bogies in an unconscious humorous way rather shocking to people of a stronger mould.

Of all their fanciful beliefs, there is none that speaks more touchingly of their faith in that "good will to men" which Christ brought with Him on the great Birthday morning that the petitioners, which, until then, in the Tyrol, but in all Germany, are supposed to belong to the "Sunday Child." Not only is this blessed infant sure to be "happy and bonny, and wise and gay," but he has from his birth to his first Christmas the happiness of constantly conversing with the angels. After this, but he should be indiscreet and bring to earth the secrets of Heaven, as he begins to talk he loses this privilege, and the memory of the holy intercourse, though not its influence upon his heart. But once each year, on midnight on Christmas Eve, he is strengthened for his next year of life by an hour of free converse with his ministering angels and guardian saints. During the same hour, also, he has the power of understanding the language of every beast and bird; and even the insects and fish can talk with him if he is then in the open air. In this way he learns many things which it is well to know, though he is rarely able tell how he came by his information; which is a wise provision, as the knowledge which in our land now we call dumb might not always like to have things reported as coming from them. This one happy hour of the year the Sunday child may be sure of all his long life only he can not speak a pure or a malicious thought to intrude upon it. To help him to preserve his mind from these while he is yet too young to understand the importance of vigilance, he should never be left alone on a Christmas Eve, and during the magic hour those who love him best should keep repeating the Lord's Prayer very softly, so as not to disturb the angel whispers. As he grows older the Sunday child is constantly instructed in the duty of keeping his soul at all times pure and sweet, because if evil thoughts are habitually allowed he will be sure to forget, and let them intrude upon the sacred hour, and the holy angels and saints will flee affrighted and ashamed, never to return to him again. It is mournful to remember that in these days a very few Sunday children of even the devout Tyrolean peasantry have kept their happy birthright, though it is believed that in bygone centuries, before the world has grown so wicked, there were many Sunday children who lived to be holy men and women of a hundred years old, keeping their birthright till the angels they had known so long at last came to lead them away to paradise.

Another Tyrolese superstition that is more beautiful than Christian, for we find something similar to it in all savage nations—is that all nurtures are inspired prophets, whose visions and forebodings would be of vast use to us if only we were wise enough to interpret them aright. He who ill-treats a madman will be carried off by the serpent King to live with him beneath the roots of the water-willows.

The christening of a child is not merely a respectable form of bestowing a name upon the new little inhabitant of the world, but here, perhaps more than by any other country save Ireland, is esteemed a ceremony of soul-saving efficacy. Until this has been performed many are the devices as if constant is the vigilance of its friends to preserve the unconscious infant from the evil influences which beset the unchristened. No one must look at it from curiosity; deformities, disease, evil spirits, bad deeds and deeds, must never be mentioned before it. If by inadvertence any such thing should have been passed, the sign of the cross should be instantly made over the little one. To the christening of a virgin it is always desirable she invite a young boy, as it then supposed she will be married early in life, and for love, not for her dower.

Before the child is a year old its nails should not be cut, and it should not be allowed to see itself in a looking glass or to have its portrait taken. Before the child has seen its own image in a mirror or in water it has the power of seeing itself in its left hand.

As evil spirits have always some power over even a baptized infant until it is seven months old, neither they nor fairies nor changelings nor any other uncanny thing should be spoken of in its hearing. If, however, this has been done, any pious person present will turn his thumbs into the palms of his hands and breathe thrice upon the child, that no harm may ensue.

When one comes honestly into the possession of money, it will be sure to bring good luck if, before using a penny of it, it be laid for a few moments in the warm crib of a child that is still innocent, because it has not yet learned to talk. In this way the money that the coin may have been before, it is now consecrated, and must bring a blessing with its use.

When a mother is compelled to leave her baby for only for a few hours she bores the midst before departing walk three times round the cradle with averted face, being careful not to trip. By this she takes all longing from the child, and suppose the angels to watch over it her the charm will be useless if she again glances toward the cradle.

When the Tyrolean leaves home he knows that the longing for his beautiful mountains will make him unhappy, lonely owing to his heart, and that without some saving spell he will pine away, and perhaps die, before he can look upon their dazzling peaks again. So he takes with him a piece cut by his own hand from the loaf last baked at home, and when he has arrived at his destination, no matter how hard or even monthly the bread may be by that time, it will not taste of other food or drink until after he has sorrowfully devoured the home-baked crust. This will remove the weary home-sickness from his heart, and give him strength and courage to endure till the joyful day when he can once more set his face toward the snow-peaks of his native land. Meanwhile he cheers himself with the thought that "as in all the world they boil with water," so even in strange lands there may be found some who think he almost as good as his home people. When at last the traveled Tyrolean returns to the place he loves so well, whose memory has been his one joy during his absence, he misses it a landscape if the first person met be a boy.

A removal from one house to another is a thing of rare occurrence in this land of fire-worshippers, and consequently is looked at as something momentous. If the family about to remove consists of pious people, who wish no harm to people who may come after them, they will take the proper precautions to prevent evil spirits from gaining possession of the hearth—which they are ever on the watch to do—in the interview between the outgoing of the one family and the incoming of the next. For this purpose all the members of the family gather in front of the fire, which has been allowed to get low, and the eldest member will repeat the Lord's Prayer; then he will pour a cupful of water into the fire repeating these words: "May crooked things and evil be thus poured out and extinguished! and may those who after us kindle a fire here find nothing but happiness in their home!" Then each member kindles a fire, in the order of his or her age, to the very youngest, whose baby hand may have to be guided, must do the same, only in silence. After this the oldest person will again pray aloud, "We take from us, Lord our God, all sins of heart and all home-sickness and all discord and hatefulness and give us health and prosperity and a happy home where next we kindle our fire!" Then each asks and receives the forgiveness of the others for any act or word or thought which in times past may have given offence or injury; and so, without daring to cast a backward glance, they cross the threshold, not stopping upon it, the oldest and the youngest leading the way, and no one speaking till all are over.

It will help to bring good luck to the new home if the hand of the family takes with him the single ear of corn or ear of rye to be found and it it a good omen if some young animal yet unbroken to the use of man, as a sheep that has never been sheared, or a colt that has worn no halter, shall give a bleat or a neigh as the family approaches the door of its future abode.

Arrived at the new house, the eldest member of the family, with clasped hands closely pressed together, will break a paper which crackles, knocks loudly thrice at the outer door, and at that of each room as he enters them all in turn.

The other members follow, and in front of the hearth in which they are soon to build anew their family fire, all greet each other as if just met after a long parting, using especially the words, "Happiness, come—unhappiness, depart." The look or crucifix is then laid in the window, and it is entered a happy omen if the sun shall shine upon it there.

If, upon going to a new place of abode, it is for any reason desirable to have no remembrance of the old one, it will be necessary to burn the last shred of the clothing worn when leaving it. For the same cause, the nails must be closely pared, and some women have been known to cut short their hair, or even to shave off their beards, but these were cases where very great sorrow or sin had been felt or done.

Before animals are removed from one farm to another it is essential to fortify them against home-sickness and the evil eye. For this purpose it is necessary, shortly before the contemplated change, to bring from the farm to which they are going a freshly-cut sheaf of corn. This must be secretly and mixed with a little salt, specimens of all the edible herbs which grow in the new pastures, and a few drops of oil distilled from the fir trees. This delectable compound is roughly rubbed with the animals' last supply of fodder, and prepares them against every ill. That they may be easily driven, each is sprinkled with holy water as it leaves the old stall. Then all are decorated with a wreath of flowers and leaves, that they may know the change is to be a happy one; for in the Tyrol it is understood that the domestic animals have affections and joys and sorrows and hopes and fears the same as we have, and only that they cannot tell them to us, save, indeed, on the Christmas-Eve midnights to those of the Sunday children who have not strayed away the right to hear them.

To cure a sick animal (with the saying charm, "If the sickness be not mortal") it is only necessary to cut and turn over the turf on which it lies.

A belief in bogies is universal. They are always running about in the light of the full moon, but they are rarely seen by people who have not been neglecting some known duty or joining in some wrong-doing. To such the bogies appear wrapped in their long hair, which looks like human clothes. To men they come in the guise of beautiful girls—to women they present the appearance of handsome young men. But they can gain no power until one has been induced to give them money or a kiss. The unlucky creature who has once been thus generous to a bogy is never again some one particular bogy, but to many bogies he may sometimes be heard wailing and sighing round the door of his former home.

Among the Scotch and Irish the fairies were formerly much "good people," and even by way of blarney, as it was supposed that their naturally malevolent dispositions might be slightly softened by such barefaced flattery; for it is well known that the Devil would like perhaps to be considered a gentleman, but the olden-time fairies, now unfortunately driven from the earth by the growing wickedness of mankind, were really good, blessing-bestowing spirits, who never brought anything but happiness and prosperity to a home. If confined in sorrow, helped in misfortune and rejoiced in times of gladness with the family which was so fortunate as to have attracted one of their gentle band to abide. There was only one condition which they imposed upon one whom they would benefit; they must not be asked whence they came or who or what they were. If this sole condition were not complied with the good fairy shed soft tears of regret, and silently withdrew to bless with its guardianship those who should be more deserving or more discreet.

Of all the living creatures which were once happy in the garden of Eden, none came out unchanged excepting the bees. All the others were touched by the flaming sword, and thus made capable of malevolence and unhappiness. But the bees flew out unscathed by the angels, and so are yet perfectly innocent and happy. They never sting a sinless person. As they are still holy it is a great sin to kill a bee.

On Christmas Eve the bees hum the music before departing walk three times round the cradle with averted face, being careful not to trip. By this she takes all longing from the child, and suppose the angels to watch over it her the charm will be useless if she again glances toward the cradle.

When the Tyrolean leaves home he knows that the longing for his beautiful mountains will make him unhappy, lonely owing to his heart, and that without some saving spell he will pine away, and perhaps die, before he can look upon their dazzling peaks again. So he takes with him a piece cut by his own hand from the loaf last baked at home, and when he has arrived at his destination, no matter how hard or even monthly the bread may be by that time, it will not taste of other food or drink until after he has sorrowfully devoured the home-baked crust. This will remove the weary home-sickness from his heart, and give him strength and courage to endure till the joyful day when he can once more set his face toward the snow-peaks of his native land. Meanwhile he cheers himself with the thought that "as in all the world they boil with water," so even in strange lands there may be found some who think he almost as good as his home

The weeping willow is a sacred tree, because, though it was forced in spite of its tears and protest to a meritorious act, it has never ceased to mourn and weep for its sin. Its boughs were used to scourge our blessed Lord, and ever since then the sorrowful tree has wept. In paradise its boughs will still hang down, but only with a weight of joy.

In even the Tyrol there has not yet been found a charm that will enable one to escape death, but there it is at least known what will preserve from sudden death. One has only to always carry about a bullet that has once hit a man. Then one may be quite sure of dying in one's bed, with a good and sufficient warning to prepare one's soul.

In the Tyrol no person mentions any evil of the dead, not even to tell the truth or but a portion of the truth about one who was known in his lifetime to have been very detestable; for is it not known that whenever the dead are spoken of they come to listen? And the vengeance of the dead is terrible.

Grief is the same the world over. When one has lost friends one must mourn, and may do so without sin so long as the grass has not grown over the grave. But when once the grass is grown over, they lose their right to be a pang to the dead. As the saying is, "It makes their clothes wet in the other world," and to give a pang to the dead is a grievous sin.

People who live much together, and so fall into be same ways of thinking, have a happiness elsewhere unknown. If by chance one says anything that in spirit and form is very nearly what some one else has said within the hour, the two may have the joy of knowing that they have released a soul from purgatory. If two persons make the same remark in the same breath, their happy souls will drop bless ings upon their benefactors as they float by on their way to good Saint Peter's holy gate.

These are only a few of the many fancies which an unwritten poetry have long enriched the simple lives of the Tyrolean peasant. But, as no grass will grow in the footprint of the Turk so it is to be feared that these wild flowers of tradition will cease to bloom in the path of the tourist. We have gathered a few while they were fading, and offer them to you sadly, as we would offer the withered wind-flowers of the Alps, begging you to cherish them in memory of the beauty they once possessed. It may not be very long ere the peasant, with tourist-sharpened wits, will urge us to buy his legends and fairy tales, as he now seeks to sell us his milk and eggs and the views from his chalet-windows. For a set price he will present us a bouquet of myths, and they shall be more highly colored than the quaint fancies we have gleaned, as the wax rose is brighter than the dried rosebud; but better are the ashes of the real rose than the accurious glories of its gaudy copy.

EMMA C. HALE.

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To cure a sick animal (with the saying charm, "If the sickness be not mortal") it is only necessary to cut and turn over the turf on which it lies.

A belief in bogies is universal. They are always running about in the light of the full moon, but they are rarely seen by people who have not been neglecting some known duty or joining in some wrong-doing. To such the bogies appear wrapped in their long hair, which looks like human clothes. To men they come in the guise of beautiful girls—to women they present the appearance of handsome young men. But they can gain no power until one has been induced to give them money or a kiss. The unlucky creature who has once been thus generous to a bogy is never again some one particular bogy, but to many bogies he may sometimes be heard wailing and sighing round the door of his former home.

Among the Scotch and Irish the fairies were formerly much "good people," and even by way of blarney, as it was supposed that their naturally malevolent dispositions might be slightly softened by such barefaced flattery; for it is well known that the Devil would like perhaps to be considered a gentleman, but the olden-time fairies, now unfortunately driven from the earth by the growing wickedness of mankind, were really good, blessing-bestowing spirits, who never brought anything but happiness and prosperity to a home. If confined in sorrow, helped in misfortune and rejoiced in times of gladness with the family which was so fortunate as to have attracted one of their gentle band to abide. There was only one condition which they imposed upon one whom they would benefit; they must not be asked whence they came or who or what they were. If this sole condition were not complied with the good fairy shed soft tears of regret, and silently withdrew to bless with its guardianship those who should be more deserving or more discreet.

Of all the living creatures which were once happy in the garden of Eden, none came out unchanged excepting the bees. All the others were touched by the flaming sword, and thus made capable of malevolence and unhappiness. But the bees flew out unscathed by the angels, and so are yet perfectly innocent and happy. They never sting a sinless person. As they are still holy it is a great sin to kill a bee.

On Christmas Eve the bees hum the music before departing walk three times round the cradle with averted face, being careful not to trip. By this she takes all longing from the child, and suppose the angels to watch over it her the charm will be useless if she again glances toward the cradle.

When the Tyrolean leaves home he knows that the longing for his beautiful mountains will make him unhappy, lonely owing to his heart, and that without some saving spell he will pine away, and perhaps die, before he can look upon their dazzling peaks again. So he takes with him a piece cut by his own hand from the loaf last baked at home, and when he has arrived at his destination, no matter how hard or even monthly the bread may be by that time, it will not taste of other food or drink until after he has sorrowfully devoured the home-baked crust. This will remove the weary home-sickness from his heart, and give him strength and courage to endure till the joyful day when he can once more set his face toward the snow-peaks of his native land. Meanwhile he cheers himself with the thought that "as in all the world they boil with water," so even in strange lands there may be found some who think he almost as good as his home

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THE FASHIONS.

Fresh novelties are being constantly produced for summer dresses.

[illegible] will be one of the favorite materials for summer toilettes, to be worn as dress overdress. They come in all the plain colors—[illegible], silver gray, old blue, and the creamy [illegible] and tilleul, or are striped or embroidered all over in small designs, with [illegible] color.

The long, gracefully-draped polonaise, or the intricately-arranged scarf-overskirt, with [illegible], to be worn over a skirt trimmed with [illegible] plaitings, edged with Valenciennes or Smyrna lace, will be the prevailing style of making these batiste costumes, while artistically tied bows of several contrasting shades of ribbon, will increase their stylish effect.

A batiste in raw [illegible] may be ornamented with tilleul embroidery forming the Breton [illegible], and bows formed of long ends and loops of ribbon in old blue, pink, tilleul, and olive [illegible].

A delicate blue batiste is trimmed with bands of lace insertion, and has ribbon bows combining, rose, dark green and pale blue.

Combinations of colors which used to suggest a [illegible] defiance of good taste and harmony, are now considered the most unique and charming, and fashionable costumes this summer will not be regarded as complete without the elaborate accessories of bows in which two or more contrasting colors are tied artistically together.

These bows require very deft fingering to tie them in their unusual combinations together, and to produce the desired effect—for that effect is destroyed when the loops are fastened by a needle and thread. The French method is to place the ribbons one on top of the other, and forming a loop, the ribbon is then twisted several times, which shows the different shades in the twists. This forms the cross piece, which must be tightly drawn across, and the other loop of the ribbons is then passed through. The ribbons still hold together, are then passed backwards and forwards or over and under, [illegible]

[illegible]

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

BY J. S. T.

What bitter pangs invade my jealous breast,
While fairy fascinations round thee play,
To see another of thy hand possess'd,
And watch another bear thy smiles away.

Those sunny smiles, a recompense for wrong,
A high reward for virtue's daring truth,
Whose dazzling splendor dims my lowly song;
The brilliant smiles of beauty and of youth.

Wert thou less winning lovely than thou art,
Less softly, sweetly, elegantly fair,
I should not be so tried and faint of heart
To dream of love while desp'ring in despair.

But who may gaze, undazzled, on the sun,
Who brave the beauty of a face like thine?
[illegible]
[illegible] and cold and hard as mine!

The Crimson Vial.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

"To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket."
ROBERT BROWNING.

"I have, I imagine, discovered a most potent, most subtle most delicate poison!" said Doctor Errard to Madame D'Espe, one charming evening during a select conversation at that elegant lady's apartments in the Boulevard Prince Eugene. The Doctor had been talking to Madame D'Espe of the wonders of modern science, of the marvelous advance of chemistry and of the terrible power of its weird compounds. The Doctor was a famous analytical chemist himself. You have discovered a new poison, Doctor!" said madame quietly, and yet fixing her eyes steadily and ardently upon the Doctor. "I congratulate you; for as you tell me every medicine is a poison, and every poison a medicine. Let us hope humanity will benefit and not suffer by it."

There was no one in the Salon interested in the Doctor's topic except the lady just then, for nearly all of the gay assembly were at this moment diverted into laughter by an exceedingly comic individual who was making jokes in the corner of the room, and had around him a very fair audience. The entertainer was a very witty and accomplished gentleman—a handsome fellow and a great favorite in the circle in which he shone. He was already a dramatist of enviable reputation, and wrote some of the leading "hits" of the day.

So while Jules Maron was telling his really witty anecdotes and town notes at one end of the room, Doctor Errard discoursed on doxology at the other. The Doctor's audience was small but select.

"Yes, madame; I have been ardently interested for a long time upon the subject of poisons of all kinds—gas, liquid, solid, animal, vegetable and mineral. The modern scientists with all our skill are far behind the ancient masters of the craft. Permit me to say, madame, I trust I shall not shock you when I say emphatically that the art of poisoning is a lost art. Perhaps modern civilization ignores its necessity, but the works of our modern Parisians are not to be compared with the Venetian masterpieces. Think of death being carried in a ring, in a rose, in a candle, in a billet-doux! That is the refinement of art. But I have hit, I imagine, upon the secret!"

"You interest me, Doctor," said the lady, her eyes sparkling.

The Doctor continued:

"The strange and unaccountable affinities in chemistry are the source of dreadful agencies which man utilizes for his selfish advancement. Nitro-glycerine is a terrible example of such an agent, and every day the chemist is chancing upon new wonders. In the course of my experiments in my laboratory some weeks ago, I was astounded and delighted to find that I had by mere circumstance united two innocent substances—an acid and a metal—both of which shall be nameless, for the matter is a secret, and ought to be, and produced one of the most terrible and dangerous at the same time subtle poisons ever known in history."

"How came you to know that it was dangerous?" asked the lady with a faint smile, as a roar of laughter came from across the room at some new sally of Maron. But the smile was not a reflection of that laughter; it arose from something madame was thinking of at the moment, suggested by the Doctor's speech.

"I came to know that it was dangerous by myself being nearly the victim to its potency. It nearly killed me!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame D'Espe in the same quiet tone—"When and where did this happen?"

"In my laboratory, madame, while making the compound I was seized with a sudden dizziness and fell upon the floor. The noise of my falling alarmed my assistant, who ran in from the other room and carried me to the balcony, where I recovered. When I went back there—after thoroughly ventilating the room—opening all the windows and doors before I ventured in—I discovered that a pet poll parrot which was in the room, was dead. I was overjoyed at my discovery."

"Surely, a strange thing to rejoice over, Doctor."

"It was to me a great thing to rejoice over, madame, I had made a famous discovery."

"And nearly died in making it!"

[illegible]

First, I chose a vial that was crimson, that it might be designated by its color, then that the shape of the vial should identify it. I chose one something in the form of the letter S, that I might know it in the dark, if I happened to put my hand upon it."

"Superb precaution!"

"Then I locked it up in my case in a place specially designated for it—the right-hand corner near the front. That is its place and the key to that case is here in my pocket!" He drew forth a little silver key and exhibited it to Madame D'Espe, who showed considerable curiosity in examining it.

"Suppose you should lose it, Doctor? or suppose some one—I do not mean a robber—in search of treasure, who should break the lock to that casket, and chance upon the vial? Justice would be deservedly swift in such a case. But suppose an innocent person should discover your terrible treasure. What a responsibility you would have to accept."

"Yes, madame; but nobody will break into the casket. I have no fear on that score."

"I hope not!" replied the lady, musingly. Then after a short interval of silence she interrogated—"but you leave your laboratory alone—unoccupied so many hours in the day. Some one might come in and find the poison!"

"I can't help that, madame! I shouldn't hold myself responsible, nor would the law. I am out attending to my patients from nine in the morning till one in the afternoon. Then I return and devote myself to chemistry."

"From nine to one," echoed the lady. "I am curious to see chemical experiments, but of course shall not visit you during those hours. I will do myself the honor of visiting your laboratory some day!"

"I shall be too happy and too honored to receive you, madame; and I will show you all the wonders of the science. When will you favor me?"

"Oh! I cannot name a day just now! One of these days, Doctor!"

"You flatter—you honor me, madame!"

The conversation was now interrupted by music. The merry party had dispersed, and Jules Maron having finished his mots, went over to a velvet tete-a-tete chair and seated himself opposite a most beautiful woman who, radiant in her magnificent toilette, was the peerless belle of the room; the admiration of her circle, and his betrothed.

Madame, with a courtesy to the Doctor, arose and said:

"I have been delighted with your conversation, Doctor. Let us resume it soon. In the meantime I must see to my guests! Mademoiselle Belanger favors us with a song. She is a divine performer!"

"How perfectly beautiful Mademoiselle Lapreire appears to-night, sitting by the side of Monsieur Maron! She is worthy of a place in the queen's salon—and you are the queen, Madame!"

Madame D'Espe flushed crimson and bowed. Then the Doctor joined the circle of auditors around the piano and listened to a very excellent rendition of a new chanson by Sans Souci, called "La Bergeronette."

After the song, Madame D'Espe, beaming with smiles, was in her liveliest mood—chattering and talking, first with one and then another of the gay crowd, and answering Jules Maron with really vivacious repartee. Everybody thought her the most charming woman there—with the exception of the beautiful Mademoiselle Blanche Lapreire.

But Madame D'Espe, all the time she was talking so pleasantly, was really in deep cogitation about certain matters which interested her. Then when the assembly began to break up into conversational groups, she, standing alone near the piano, surveyed the brilliant scene, and a smile played upon her lips as she looked at Blanche Lapreire, and she said to herself:

"I must have that poison for her. I hate her. He whom I love, the only one in all Paris who is the god of my idolatry, has been enticed into her snares and lost to me forever. I shall now have my revenge."

Then she smiled so sweetly that the gay circle all thought what a consummately happy woman was Madame D'Espe.

The circle broke up late and madame retired full of hate, rage and vengeance. In the silence of her superb boudoir, she sat in her cushioned arm chair, engaged in weaving wicked plans, till the silver bell of the ebony clock on the mantel, struck the hour of three. Then she fell asleep in the chair, in her splendid toilette of the evening.

At exactly ten o'clock the next morning, a phaeton drove up to the door of Doctor Errard's house, and a liveried footman having rang the bell, and inquired if the Doctor was in, was told that he was not, whereupon the footman, giving a decorous signal, a lady, most elegantly dressed, leaped from the carriage and ran up the steps. It was Madame D'Espe.

The phaeton drove off and madame entered the house.

"The Doctor is not in," said the servant.

"Ah! I am sorry! but I have a carte blanche to his laboratory. I am one of his pupils in chemistry and desire to make some experiments! Show me the way!" She put a gold piece in the lackey's hand.

The servant stared at her and thought, "The woman is mad, but she is devilish handsome—and a lady. This way, madame," he said, conducted her along a passage, roofed with glass and hung with splendid paintings.

"There is no one in the laboratory?" demanded the lady.

[illegible]

I ever get it open. I may be here all day, and mon Dieu—the Doctor will return!"

She searches all over the apartment for some instrument to force into the lock. In the course of her search she came upon a small round parcel lying upon the mantle wrapped in white paper. She opens it.

Ah! joy! It is a key! A curiously shaped silver key. She recognizes it. With trembling fingers she puts it into the lock of the casket, and to her exultation hears the click of the spring, and the drawer flies open.

She nearly swoons with delirious delight. There is a noise out on the corridor—the Doctor may be returning. She frantically clutches the drawer and seeks for the crimson S shaped vial.

"The right-hand corner, near the front! Ah! mille diables, here it is! Here it is!"

She grasped the precious horror in both her hands and kissed it.

It is the crimson S shaped vial.

There is a knock at the door.

"Madame! Your phaeton is at the door."

There is no reply.

"Madame! On vous attend! It is the coachman!"

No reply.

"While the lacky is knocking the Doctor comes in. He has forgotten something and has returned for it. It is the key he has forgotten.

"Madame," the lady, is in there."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the Doctor excitedly.

"Who?"

"The lady."

"What lady?"

"Your pupil. She came in the phaeton at the door, and desired me to admit her to your laboratory, to make some experiments."

"Caramba, sacre diable!" thundered the Doctor. "You infernal scamp! Did you give her the key?"

"Yes—Doctor!"

"Curse You—You have ruined me—admit a woman in my laboratory! Curse you!—open the door!"

"She has locked it!"

"Knock again! rascal!"

The man pounded on the door with a noise like a discharge of musketry.

"She's not there!" says the Doctor—"apparently—She's gone into my library! But I'll see!"

"I heard her voice just now," says the man.

The Doctor feels in his pocket for a duplicate key—puts it in the lock and flings the door open.

Madame D'Espe lies stretched on the floor—dead.

The crimson vial has broken in her hand.

GEN. CUSTER'S BAND.

The Chicago Times says: The removal of the remains of the officers of Gen. Custer's band having been determined upon by the War Department, and a portion of the Army contingent fund being set apart to defray the expenses of the same, Col. M. V. Sheridan, of Gen. Sheridan's staff, has been detailed to superintend the exhumation and transfer of the remains, and accordingly left the city yesterday for the field of the massacre, expecting the trip to consume five weeks. From Fort Lincoln, Dakota, Col. Sheridan will be accompanied by an officer and a detachment of twenty soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry, who being at the time with Reno's command, assisted in the burial of their comrades. The trip from Fort Lincoln to the mouth of the Tongue river, and perhaps to a point on Tongue river within forty miles of the battle-field, will be made on one of the small steamers now plying on the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone.

The officers of the butchered command were buried in a row, with only a few feet intervening between them. The remains were wrapped in blankets and pieces of tent-cloth, and with each body the shell of a discharged cartridge, containing the name of the officer was placed, to make identification certain even after the decay of the corpse. At the head of each grave a stake was driven below the surface, and on each of these stakes the name of the officer was cut with a penknife.

Below are the names of the officers who were killed, with an indication of their rank: Lieut. Col. George A. Custer, Brevet Major General; First Lieut. W. W. Cooke, Adjutant, Brevet Colonel; First Lieut. G. E. Lord, Assistant Surgeon; Capt. Thomas W. Custer, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel; Capt. G. W. Yates, Capt. M. W. Keogh, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel; First Lieut. E. E. Smith, Brevet Captain; First Lieut. Donald McIntosh, First Lieut. J. E. Porter, First Lieut. James Calhoun, Second Lieut. Benjamin Hodgson, Second Lieut. J. Sturgis, Second Lieut. W. Van W. Reilly, Second Lieut. J. J. Crittenden, Acting Assistant Surgeon J. M. De Wolf. At the time the interment was made the soldiers were unable to find or identify the bodies of Lieuts. Harrington and Porter.

The remains of Lieut. Crittenden will not be molested. This officer's father, Gen. Thomas J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, has written a letter to Gen. Sheridan expressing the wish that his son's bones may not be disturbed, and giving his reasons therefor. The remains of the other thirteen will be exhumed, placed in coffins transported thither for the purpose, and brought to Fort Lincoln. From Lincoln the body of Gen. Custer will be shipped via Chicago to West Point, N. Y., where it will be buried on the grounds of the National Academy. It was Gen. Custer's wish, repeatedly expressed during his campaigns against the Indians, that he be buried at West Point if he should be killed in the service. The remains of the other officers will be taken to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and given sepulture in the National Cemetery at that place. Col. Sheridan thinks that he will be fortunate if he succeeds in finding the bones of the officers who were buried on the battle-field.

PROBABLE MURDER WITH A SAW.

[illegible]

BRUSHES.

[illegible]

and holds the tuft securely. The broad end of the quill forms a socket for the reception of a stick of cedar wood. Some care is required in making hair-pencils, for, if the tuft be not properly put together, or if pinched too tightly, either by the thread or by the contraction of the quill, the hairs will spread out instead of forming a fine point, which they ought to do when wetted. Hair-pencils are made of various sizes, from that of the small crow or pigeon-quill to the largest goose, turkey or swan-quill; and when larger than these are required, tin-plates are used, with the handle or stick firmly secured therein. The ancients had pencils made of small pieces of sponge; whence the story of a painter who, not being able to express the foam of a horse, succeeded by throwing "the sponge" at the picture.

Bristles, however, form by far the chief article in the manufacture of brushes and the consumption is vast as to give rise to a very important commerce in this article. They form the strong glossy hairs growing on the back of the hog and wild boar. Russia is the great mart for bristles, those of the Ukraine being most esteemed. A considerable quantity of bristles is also imported from France. These are of various colors; but that which is called the lily, on account of its silvery white appearance, is most esteemed. It is used chiefly for shaving-brushes, tooth-brushes, and the softer descriptions of hair-brushes. The thickest bristles are the most valuable, and the price diminishes with the size of the bristles. Bristles, as taken from the animal, are of various colors intermixed; but, before being used, and sometimes before being imported, they are sorted by hand into black, gray, yellow, white, and lilies, the last variety being the lightest. A bundle of any of the other varieties generally contains many shades of color, which are carefully intermixed when it is intended to use them together.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Important works in construction and other branches of engineering are now sometimes continued at night by means of the electric light. The buildings for the French international exhibition are pushed in this way, and the method is used at the Taybridge Works and others in England.

PRODUCTION OF POTASH.—The production of potash commercially has entirely changed aspect within these last twenty years. Prior to that time wood-ashes were exclusively employed in its manufacture, but now more than one-half is procured directly from mineral sources. This is principally owing to the fact that the immense salt mines of Stassfurt have been found to yield a profitable supply of potash.

A NEW USE FOR COLLODION.—One of the best styptics is collodion, an invaluable remedy for stopping the bleeding of vines, or for coating the bases of cuttings which are extremely liable to "damp off." It can be applied with a feather or small brush. In some extreme cases two or three coats will be needed, in which event allow the collodion to form a film before applying another coat. For this purpose pharmaceutical collodion is better than photographic, the film being thicker and firmer.

NEW HARBOR PILES.—Californians announce a valuable quality in the Eucalyptus globulus. It is asserted that it will successfully resist the ravages of the teredo when placed in salt water, and, as it does not rot readily, will, it is claimed make valuable piles [illegible]

[illegible]

STAGE ECHOES.

—Nilsson is thirty-four.

—Neilson returns to this country in 1878.

—Kate Claxton and Rose Eytinge will both "star" next season.

—Miss Emma Abbott did not score a remarkable success in Boston.

—St. Louis and Chicago will both have German theatres next season.

—It was the London Athenæum that spoke of Edwin Booth as "that rather tumid tragedian."

—Miss Ada Dyas will not be of Wallack's company next season. She returns to England in June.

—Anna Dickinson, we learn from the Graphic, has hid her crown of thorns under a new bonnet.

—The success either in a literary or dramatic sense of Harte's and Twain's new play "Ah Sin," is doubtful.

—Trinity College is said to have the harp that was played upon by King Brian Boroo in the tenth century.

—There is a very pleasant orange blossom rumor to the effect that Miss Fannie Davenport is soon to be married.

—Patronize the drama, that your money may be devoted to great purposes. Lester Wallack has just bought a $500 dog.

—Mr. Charles Gayler has written a play for Miss Jennie Hughes, with which that lady intends to star the coming season.

—Another American by the name of M'lle Lily Eglantine Vogelbach, of Philadelphia, has appeared in Paris with considerable success.

—Experiments are being made by German scientists with the view of photographing musical sounds, and in a measure they have proved successful.

—They sell ice-cream and candy between the acts at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and people eat it in their seats. There is nothing proud about Bostonians!

—Inquiring musician—No, we do not exactly know who invented the upright piano, unless it was Mr. Mark. We often heard of "Mark, the upright man."

—Bannister, the famous English violinist in the reign of Charles II., was the first who ever gave musical concerts in England where an admittance fee was charged.

—Winnetta Montague, the beautiful actress who married Walter Montgomery and afterwards Jas. M. Ward, is dying of consumption at the New York Hospital.

—Theatricals are said to be very dull in London, just at a time when business at the theatres should be the best. It is predicted that some of the theatres will soon close.

—Behold the civilizing influence of music! The Shah of Persia is interpolating "La Fille de Madame Angot," "La Grande Duchesse" and "Miserere" at state and public banquets.

—Wagner in his childhood planned a huge tragedy—a combination of the stories of Hamlet and of Lear, in the course of which play as many as forty-two people were to die.

—Burton and Burke, two of the best comedians that this country ever produced, at one time in their career seriously played together such tragic parts as Iago and Othello, Macbeth and Macduff.

—Clara Morris, in the view of the Boston critics, is a fairly good actress, despite her western accent and her defects of pronunciation. Small favors from this mighty source thankfully received.

—The Rev. Mr. Haweis, an English authority on music, grows rapturous over Wagner, and says that he is the most powerful personality who has appeared in the musical world since Beethoven.

—The desire to discard operatic airs and to restore music belonging to the Church only, is steadily gaining ground among devout Catholics in New York, and is said to have the approval of the Cardinal.

—From the number of "Roman Hippodromes" circulating through the West, illimitable, changing West, we are inclined to think we see before us the gladiator lie. He lies on the posters, like a pirate.

—The Oates troupe will be quite revolutionized this summer. Mr. Colville assumes the management of the Lydia Thompson troupe, Mr. Drew takes his leave, Mr. Howson goes to San Francisco as low comedian, and Miss Clancy joins the "Evangeline" troupe.

—A New York Sunday paper alleges that Charlotte Cushman suffered from the pangs of unrequited love twice. Her first love was a young Boston salesman, now a successful merchant, and the other an actor—the father of the well-known journalist, Donn Piatt.

—The New York Weekly says: When Anna Dickinson abandons the stage, marries, settles down, and gets to making flapjacks and mending trowsers for a baldheaded husband, she'll wonder that she could ever have been so sentimental as to play "Anne Boleyn," and wish to part Henry the Eighth's hair in the middle.

—Clara Morris's husband gives as a reason for allowing his wife to play when not strong enough, that if she remains any time at home in quiet she sinks into such a state of utter depression, both physically and mentally, that she cries nearly constantly, and is worse off than when kept up by the excitement of the stage.

—John E. McDonough, of Philadelphia, has secured from Allan Pinkerton the sole right to dramatize the latter's forthcoming new book, entitled "The Mollie Maguires and the Detectives." The subject matter is now in the hands of a dramatist of this city. Mr. McDonough is to personate the principal part in the new drama.

—"Father, did Casca, who helped to kill Julius Cæsar, own a great many houses?" "No, my dear, not that I know of. What [illegible]

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

Prof. Tyndall's Warning.

[illegible]